

# Escapade

JUNE, 1956

50 CENTS



SEE INSIDE:

PICTORIAL: A MAYTIME ESCAPADE

ARTICLE: BEN POLLACK:  
NEW ORLEANS TO BOP



## EVERYBODY'S AN ESCADER!

Or as it seems come published every month. Heaven knows, we've tried to see that there's plenty of *Escapades* on hand for everyone. In truth, the letters we receive from frantic readers, who insist that we've not been suitably material.

These reports from our readers — and occasional proprietors — in the past often went unheeded to suffer nightmares such as the one illustrated in this page. Just imagine, all those people getting out in the cold, gray morning just to make certain of getting an *Escapade*! The thought outraged our tender sensibilities.

So, we've again increased our print order in the hope that all *Escapades* will be able to check their favorite magazine. This should make life easier for everyone. And our thanks to all for being so patient.

Now that there are enough *Escapades* to go 'round, what lies in store in the merry month of June? As

usual, lots of good things. For example, there's the little less merry, "Falsely Reported", by that wonderful comic, *Ward Swann*. And a further acquaintance with our beautiful cover girl, *Virginia De Lee*, as photographed by *William Graham* in black-and-white and in color.

Most *Escapades* are just loose, and the artist on *Ann Pollard*, done of drawings by *Joe Kupper*, should prove an inspiration as well as educational. Fiction includes a wonderful character study in "Katie", by *Victor M. Gold*, who creates a portrait of an unrepentant and unrepentable girl and her dragged-off husband.

Many of *Escapade's* cartoons and photographs have become conversation pieces. Don't look now, but on Page 61 there's a picture of a girl named *Beverly Blount* that is certain to be a much-talked-about item wherever *Escapades* gather.





*"You say the sweetest things!"*



# escapade

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## CONTENTS

June, 1966, Vol. 1, No. 8

### ARTICLES

Fall of a Giant	Norm Robinson	12
Stanley Kirby	Cyrus W. Bell	14
Don Peacock	Joe Kayeher	26
Revels By Role	WV Holmes	65

### FICTION

The Murderer	Richard Wexler	4
Lucky Pierre!	Anthony Whitworth	18
Neighborhood Scandal	Herbert Mangham	18
Study	Robert M. Gold	50

### HUMOR AND SATIRE

The Aptitude Test	Explored Watson	16
Julinger Revisited	J. W. Rogers	29
Play Ball!	Donna	54

### ART AND PICTORIAL

Photo		22
Just Song		22-23
Blue Acids		50
Art for White Sake!		61

### POETRY

It Takes Two To		40
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### DEPARTMENTS

Baby and Balm		5
Escapade in Wax		8
Jaguars, Martini and Fishage:		
The Glamour Girl		9
Answers for Adults		31
Escapade's Gourmet		59



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READING ALTHOUGH DEPARTMENTS: We have a check for Franklin D. Roosevelt, who wrote "John F. Kennedy" (November, 1965) but we don't have his address. Don't say so!

Night. Wet, silent, empty streets  
glistening under the lamps. A man  
walking through the streets, his  
golden making soft, wet sounds on  
the slick pavement. To the north,  
stepping wide over the muddy swirling  
water running along the gutter. Across  
the street and stepping wide again  
to the sidewalk, and pausing to flip  
a cigarette lying into the hurrying  
stream behind him.

Taking a deep breath, gulping in  
the chill smelling sweetness of the  
night after a rain, and walking again.  
To the next corner where he stopped  
and stood in the shadow of the lamp-  
post and waited. Down. At the run-  
ing corner in the gutter at his feet.  
Water. Shuddering and boiling, fighting  
its way downward through the barred  
grating of the drain all choked with  
leaves and debris.

The man looked around, up and  
down the wet, silent, empty streets,  
then balanced himself with one hand  
against the cold metal of the lamp-  
post and pushed the toe of one foot  
into the nothing children of the drain,  
digging, digging, scraping away the  
refuse so that the water poured singing  
between the iron bars, foot. And be-  
tween the iron bars, deep down into  
the gurgling throat of the drain, the  
man dropped a knife.

And the blade of the knife was red  
with blood.

The man walked on. Overhead,  
grim clouds hurried through the sky,  
covering and uncovering the stars of  
moon. A car, black and white, its  
red eye blinking in the darkness, its  
wild cry wailing in the night, screamed  
past.

The man walked on. To a house:  
A creaking framed entrance that needed  
paint, squatting on a rise of ground

**KILLING IS MEASURED IN  
DEGREE, NOT IN MANKIND**

COVER: GORDON BRADY © S. TAYLOR



among a dozen other striking men, some rising black and black against the sky.

Up the sagging porch steps and through the unshaded door with its rough, multi-colored stained glass panels, into the house. Down the darkened musty hallway and under foot, something—

A wild, screech yowl. . . .

"Land Thore goddamned cat!"

"George?" Her voice. "That you, George?"

"Who else?" she was wild, tugging off the gaiters and hanging his coat and hat on the rack behind the door.

He walked through the curtained doorway into the parlor. The old woman was sitting in the dark by the unshaded window, her legs covered with a quilted lap robe and curled on the robe a cat, its big yellow eyes gleaming. The old woman was rocking, back and forth, back and forth.

The rocker squeaked. The rocker and the old woman were a lot alike. Old and disfigured and surrounded, and the woman squeaked too, when she talked. She was talking now.

"Did you bring the mackerel, George?"

"Ma, I forgot."

"Oh, George, I told you to bring a new mackerel for the lamp."

"I know, Grandma. I forgot."

"Well, light it anyway, but you know I hate it when it smokes."

The old lady and her goddamned lamp, thought George. All over the house, lamps. In this dry and age, the wouldn't be an electric light burn in any room she was in. Electricity, an invention of the devil. Well, she'd have something else to think about when he told her what he'd done.

He removed the rounded head that

was the lamp chimney, all delicately painted with pink and blue flowers, petals, and scratched a match on the underside of the varnished rosewood table. A cat leaped to the floor, hissing.

He wondered if he ought to tell her now, or wait awhile. He'd wait. Let her relax a little.

He turned the lamp up to a dull glow that filled the room with purple shadows, falling on the dark carpet, the ancient sofa, the lampy sofa, the antique hanging, all mazy, dusty, old.

"There, that's better, George. And do remember to bring a new mackerel next time."

He looked at her. Her chin came and quickly sank no bigger than match sticks, the blue veins standing out like chords. The whitened sagging skin, the wringing white hair all powdered with age. What held her together? What kept her sitting? What kept the fire in the bright old eyes?

"Well, what he had to tell her should put the fire out."

The old lady had stopped rocking and was watching him. "Have you seen Tabby, George?"

He turned his back, his hands suddenly clumsy, cold. "No, Grandma."

"I'm worried about her. She hasn't been home all day. And this evening when it started to rain and I filled their rooms with milk, they all came in but Tabby. I'm worried about her, it's so cold and damp out. And Tabby loves warm milk. Are you sure you didn't see her, George?"

George turned around. Now. Now was the time to tell her. Now.

He looked straight into Grandma's bright old eyes. "I killed her, Grandma," he announced coldly. "I killed

your beautiful goddamned Persian cat. I took a knife and I cut her guts out and threw her on a wash pile and I dropped the knife down a sewer!" George was breathing hard. "You understand, Grandma? Tabby's dead. I killed her!"

He stood there, watching the old woman. Waiting for her to drop dead with the shock. But Grandma just sat there, rocking back and forth. He saying anything. Just staring straight ahead, her long bony fingers wracking the big black tin curled in her lap. Rocking back and forth, repeating, rocking, back and forth.

George backed slowly out of the room into the hall. A cat slithered between his legs, hissing and spitting, as he turned and climbed the stairs.

It hadn't worked. The old lady was still alive. He stomped into the back room and slammed the door. He switched on the light. The bright colored bath gloves along the cracked cushions, alone and out of place among the ancient bathroom fixtures. Better it was the old bathroom lamp than Grandma used. He turned the faucet. The old pipes banged and clattered and popped and the water splattered.

Three years now. . . . Living in this crazy house with a crazy old dame and her bunch of cats. Cats. Purring and meowing and hissing and yowling all over the place. The yellow eyes watching, always watching. The soft fur, the velvet paws that curled in scratching tearing claws. Black cats brown cats, mousy yellow cats. Limping and running and bounding through the house. He whipped up a ladder in the dining room and dropped it on his face.

Three years. . . . He hadn't figured on three years. He'd aimed at figuring  
(Continued on Page 10)

# THE MURDERER

Fiction by RICHARD HARTER

# LUCKY PIERRE!

By ANTHONY WHITWORTH

M. Lockert placed the tips of his fingers together and bowed at the assembled directors of Serva, Inc. There was no doubt of their interest, and he made ready to prove his advantage. Already, he could see, they were calculating the profits to be gained from his invention. M. Lockert performed a second string of the calculations. Let them make what profits they would, he thought, as long as they paid him a sufficient royalty.

"You computational, mechanical inventors!" he roared up, "the principal point of my invention, a superior robot such as mine has countless applications. But it is in the field of service, I believe, that his greatest usefulness lies. At one stroke, he would solve that annoying servant problem which so greatly vexes you Americans. Consider: he is the perfect butler, the ideal valet, the impeccable *maitre d'hôtel*. He has been trained as a chef, although he has not, I submit, that imagination which is essential to greatness in the art of cookery. He can follow a recipe, and that is all. Yet,

what would you, gentlemen? He is, again, a robot, and has no power to initiate thought."

Mortley, the chairman of the board, patted at his cigar and tried to appear indifferent.

"What about the language?" he queried.

"Pierre speaks English," M. Lockert stated him. "I taught him myself. It is not so, Pierre?" He turned to the figure beside him.

"It is true, monsieur," answered the robot in a pleasant business, and with the same slight accent which distinguished M. Lockert's speech. "I speak the English quite well."

"A little accent wouldn't be any problem," commented Higgins, one of the directors. "Might even add comeliness appeal. Women expect a French accent from anyone who looks like Pierre."

"That's probably right," Mortley agreed. He moved but a moment longer, then reached a decision.

"I'm having a party tonight, M. Lockert," he said. "I'd like to have

you come to it and bring Pierre with you. There'll be about a dozen people. If Pierre can perform to my satisfaction, there will buy your invention. Do — I suppose you'll care about his believing himself is a crowd?"

M. Lockert drew himself up with dignity. "Pierre's behavior is as good as my own. He is, of course, somewhat influenced by the number of those around him. Until this evening, then, M. Mortley, Adieu — au revoir — yes, Pierre. Au revoir, monsieur."

"I never saw anything like it, M. Lockert," exclaimed Miss Edith Givens. "Pierre's simply marvelous. Isn't he, Lucy?"

"He certainly is," Miss Shaw was equally enthusiastic. "After he kissed my hand a little while ago I could hardly believe he was a robot. He's so handsome!"

M. Lockert bowed his acknowledgments at the ladies' compliments. "His appearance is based on that of one of our most popular actors. Also his mannerisms. Apropos, I am told that the actor in question is the favorite of Miss Mortley."

"Perhaps that's why she's so interested in Pierre," Edith Givens glanced across the room to where the rather full-blown Mrs. Mortley was being kissed by the robot, whose Gallic charm of manner never faltered.

"One of the cleverest things about Pierre," Edith continued, "is the way he keeps right on being polite, no matter how silly she gets. I don't know many men like that, especially handsome ones. It's too bad he's only a robot."

"Only a robot, *mademoiselle*?" M. Lockert was a little offended. "Pierre, I must ask you to recall, is no ordinary robot. These others — proof?" M. Lockert dismissed all others with a gesture of disdain. "Pierre is unique. He is the only robot who possesses — how shall I say — all the social graces."

"Oh, come, now, M. Lockert," Edith smiled wickedly. "All the social graces?"

M. Lockert met her eye without flinching. "I have said it, *mademoiselle*," he replied meaningfully. "All the social graces."



PLAY THE COQUETTE, EVEN WITH A ROBOT, AND EXPECT THE INEVITABLE

(Continued on Page 24)

# ESCAPADES IN WAX

By JOE SASSI



## POPULAR:

We know a gal some who reacted to every Norman record with as much attention as a fellow on a campy frontier during mating season. We can think of a more effective aphrodisiac, but it is agreed that Sinatra is an eloquent spokesman for the cause of our ready Escapades. When it comes to building a belie and projecting a melody, Sinatra has few peers. His latest album, "Swing For Your Sin" (Capitol) (playback) is a plastic treat in itself. His powerful phrasing and composed timing gives a spirited bounce and swing to 12 swinging tunes. Included in the set are such soul-stirring melodies as "You Make Me Feel So Young," "Love Is Here To Stay," "You're Gonna Get It," "A Whole New World," "You Brought A New Kind Of Love To Me," . . . and the list goes on. The song, though, this is a prize posing by "The Voice." First up on it while the supply is still available.

.....

## JAZZ:

For those jazzheads with good 20-20 foresight who are in constant search for something new on the jazz scene, we call your attention to the newer arena, a new Epic album called "Merrill Grey Carter and Ray Bryant." Ray Bryant's place, whether it's working with his trio or backslapping La Belle Garçon, is innovative and barbed. The composer has a plethora of flexibility and cool sounds and comes across with some of the most convincing thinking we've been happily subjected to in recent weeks. One knows a steady state and his rapid delivery comes through with unusual fluidity. Even if the tunes are back as jazz standards and not often, "Blue Moon," is a Bryant original. Included are "Merrill Grey Carter," "Old Devil Moon," "Gone With the Wind," and "We Mean It All." This debut package of three uncommonly good performers should win a lot of love for them and their sponsors and mark them as important new names in the modern jazz sphere.

Another debut we'd like to draw you to is that of a new record made called "Them." They made an ambitious start in the jazz category because of their release of an album called "Merrill Grey." The set is distinguished by a wisp of an under-estimated though high-ranking talent of the Norman-Walker Quintet, who go in for more presentation just as taking, and Gene Quill-Dick Sherman Quintet. The Norman-Walker group set off on the initial set with complex concepts in melody achieved through the intermarriage of French horns and brass.



Yes, Perhaps the most audible demonstration of these new concepts is on "Gaudier," Rame, on the strength of his work here, must be singled out as a performer with guts and great technical skill. The Quill-Dick Sherman Quintet, on the other hand, play their jazz very and somewhat. Major points of interest in their presentation is in the solo and virtuosic playing of Gene Quill, on piano; Dick Sherman, trumpet; Dick Ross, piano; Ole Johnson, drums; and Teddy Kotick on bass. We recommend this one very highly to those jazz fans who like to go off on an exploratory kick now and then.

.....

We just finished mentioning a bright new jazz pianist out on the Beacon label, whose first release is titled, appropriately, "Introducing Carl Perkins." We needn't go on to mention to Carl Perkins (not to be confused with the like-

named Monroe warbler) is a real find in a field already crowded with names. He's commanding and eloquent in an all-mannered style and he has a virile drive for his tempo and beat. His disc makes enough variations to display a real, varied sense of inclusive jazzmanship. Joining Perkins on this set with strong rhythm support are Lefty Morgan, bass (one of the better gas players around), and Lawrence Marable, who watches the disc in a nicely balanced though understated fashion. The items presented — some borrowed, some original — give Perkins the widest latitude to showcase his bag of tricks. Included are a beautiful "You Don't Know What Love Is," a moving "It Could Happen To You," and a bluesy "Blackbird." Obviously, Perkins has scored time with some of the best writers in the business. He's a polished and flexible boy man with an exciting technique that has a personality all its own. These persons are sure to keep Perkins on the spotlight once they hear him.

.....

"Merrill, Not X-Merrill," an inevitable title by a creative departure from Epic Records who obviously knew his way, is a happy, swinging session brewed up by Neil Kross and his Orchestra. To our ears at least, this is one of the most stimulating and fun-filled packages to come along in many a month. The music contains some truly remarkable as well as a few well-earned items. Up for some well-earned hand-clapping are such numbers as "Bambino," "You're Something To Me," "Flycatcher Rock," "Chop-A-Lot" and "Lucky Duck." Also making Neil's introduction his new departure in sound are two stellar players: Bobby Hackett on trumpet and Kai Winding on saxophone. Both boys go in for some over-the-top horn blowing and contribute mightily to the excellent sound.



and general programming. Next, with this release, puts up his reputation as a compositional talent and a successful arranger. Needs your list with this one. The recording quality is excellent.

# THE GLAMOUR GIRL

By JOHN MAGEE



## JAGUARS, MARTINIS AND FABERGE

Someone was transmitting the other day about the enormous able decline in the number of Oscars, BB and 44/100 per cent pure glamour girls.

I allowed as how that was indeed an exceedingly astute observation, and how I, too, in more reflective moments had been sorely troubled by thoughts of that vanishing list of Americans.

My friend took another tag as his martini and reminisced about the old days of his prime when Broadway babies didn't sleep right until the break of dawn, and when golden ladies were treated nightly with champagne passed from their own shiny fist, dipper.

It was an altogether depressing commentary on the uncertainties of the more workable things in life, this end of the Golden Era, the Velvet Swing era, and one which led my friend no ponderously remote but to seek to re-create some glimpse of that dazzling epoch at the bottom of his martini glass.

It made me sad as hell, too, and it wasn't until I was applying the hot pack the next morning that it dawned upon me I had no reason to be unhappy. I not only preferred champagne in hollow-voiced glasses, but I didn't give two hoots and a holler what time Broadway babies hit the sack. (I don't live on Broadway).

Furthermore, I wasn't too sure just what a glamour girl was, anyway. If any had crossed my path since I reached the age of puberty, they must have been trailing on tipsies.

I got to wondering about it because, if there's one thing I like, it's making out. The more I thought about it the more perplexed I became.

What the hell was an honest-to-goodness glamour girl? The answer is pretty obvious if you're willing to accept

the word of the Hollywood magnate or the Madison Avenue advertising boys. The Hollywood and Vice version is a sexy siren, a slyph with sex-appeal, or (perhaps more accurately, if you'll excuse the equivalent) very broad with bon-offer appeal.

The shining backbone of advertising sales would have you sold on the idea that any housewife, run-of-the-mill or not, may find, can be glamorous if she brushes her teeth with the right toothpaste, is careful not to let just halfhearted drops her clumpy hair nightly on the proper mattress, and performs her daily ablutions with the soap endorsed by him.

I couldn't stomach either of these two carefully massaged illusions. Nor would I accept the behind image of the milk-maid, smiling milkmaid. Glamour girls, actresses, café society mistresses, drinking heiresses and alimony-bred divorcees aren't the only females of the species who like to ball. In fact, almost all the girls I've ever known like to play, and I've rubbed elbows with more than one wife who liked to play just a tad too much for your truly's health and well-being. (The only irritant in having an attached female being her head over you is that there's a decided possibility of you losing yours).

I was just about to conclude that either my social doors opened had been badly mislabeled or "glamour girl" was just a loosely defined umbrella for whatever or whomever the user wished, when I suddenly remembered what Old Jimmy used to say: "Ferry is as pretty does."

It sounded corny, but a lot corny things have a bit of substance to them. And besides, women magazines are always pushing that a glamour comes from "within", and

(Continued on Page 46)



W. H. 17344

*"I'm not in the mood for smooching, Dennis. You just go ahead and enjoy yourself."*



# FALL OF A GIANT

## when the dregs grew bitter for alex

When the men of baseball sit around the nation's local lobbies picking up the scattered thousands of old stars, they are completely lost to describe the exploits of Greater Cleveland Alexander. Was it a sad or happy life? An ironic one, or plain exciting? No one really knows, right up to 1938 when Alexander, or the Great Alex, as the writers know him, died penniless and in the aftermath of a thousand wet nights.

Wherever else can be said, it is certain that Alex's spending days his low and high moods with a rare flourish never experienced by another character in the game that is called the purest chunk of the American way.

The day I met Alex, he was in the thrum of one of those long lullabing periods.

The lobby of Gladstone's Northern-Plantation hotel was crowded with baseball figures on hand for a convention, from the high-paid managers to down-and-outers in search of jobs. One of them was an old man, by sporting standards. Not over 60 perhaps, but he appeared far older. His eyes were colorless, his cheeks hollow.

Alexander stumbled into the lobby on rubbery legs. None of his colleagues showed a trace of surprise, for this was not the first time they had seen the man staggering into a hotel lobby.

In another day, the crowd would have sat in awe of the man — drunk or sober. Now they turned indifference, even cold. And so another guy had taken the road show.

Alex stumbled a few words, and repeated himself until he reached the corner of the lobby. It may well have been a paces, for Alex's voice, as always, was low and remote. What he actually said was, "The drinks on the house . . . drinks on the house!" A significant motto, and Alex couldn't

help but remember it. Today, however, it did appear that he couldn't get a nip even on loaded lines, although a year previously he had been voted into the Hall of Fame.

Suddenly he turned and stared at men at a red-faced fellow, whose big shoulders were wrapped in silk gaiters; and Alex said to him, "Hello, Tony . . . old chum . . . lookin' good." He started forward again, babbling as he walked, when a tall chair, directly in his path, stopped Alex. He couldn't get by the chair and fell flat on his face. The baseball figures gathered in to a halfhearted huddle about the lobby, stopped their gossip to turn their eyes on Alex. He was now a focal point, just as, in the good old days, and they certainly had their eyes on him then, too.

Tony Lauerri came over to help Alex to his feet. "You'll be all right," he said, "just take it easy."

"The drinks on the house, Tony," mumbled the drunk.

"You'll be all right, Alex," said Tony.

"Sure, Alex all right — lay me a drink, Tony."

With one arm around Tony's shoulder, Alex rose and made his way to the bar at the far end of the lobby. It was said to mark the expression on Tony's face, a mixture of pity and wonderment. He might have wondered if all washed-out baseball men take this path. (But Tony did not seem to ever find out.) And back of Tony's mind there could have been a picture of a day in 1928, in which he did not have to focus Alex to his feet. That was the seventh and final game of a World Series between the New York Yankees and St. Louis Cardinals. Both Alexander and Lauerri had played the big roles then, too.

Funny thing about that game. Alex

was in the same groggy condition, maybe a bit worse. You see, he had pitched a game 24 hours earlier to help the Cardinals even up the Series at that-til, and then went out in cold weather. (Could anyone in baseball ever believe better than Alex?) He had gone off to sleep too late to ease his condition. At game-time, the odor of liquor could be detected from one end of the Cardinals' dugout to the other. Alex dropped into a corner of the dugout to be laid. He would have enjoyed pitching this climactic game, but then, as a witness of folly, he was not expected to work two days straight. Maybe he already brought home a pair of Series victories.

Manager Rogers Hornsby, seated a few feet from Alex, could scarcely stand the smell of liquor. He turned his head from Alex on up and keep his mind on the game. In the seventh inning, the Yankees loaded the bases with two outs. The Series swung in the balance, with St. Louis leading by two runs. Tony Lauerri, a terrific second baseman at the time, stepped up to the plate, a little nervous, but filled with enough power to possibly drive home those winning rallies. Lauerri flexed his muscles, ready to do a job of hitting. Meanwhile, Hornsby had made up his mind to change pitchers. Jose Haines had shown signs of weakening.

Of the hitters he had counted on for solid work, none seemed capable of stepping a rampage of this sort. He turned indignantly to Alex now. The smell of liquor still permeated Hornsby's nostrils — but he managed to overcome his sensitivity long enough to signal the substitutes to the mound. Alex lumbered over there, while a shrieking mob of fans was a wild din of applause from his ears. Alex tried up the situation — he proved grimly





into the eyes of the rookie Lauerri, and the name seemed to brighten the kid. Alex knew that experience was in the Cardinals' side now — he knew it all too well. If he could mix his pitches effectively — give the kid a few pointers — those three men on the team would not get on much further. Alex may have had a hangover, but his mind was sharp. A challenge of this nature was just what he needed to forget the night before and, in effect, to sober him.

Lauerri wanted one more ball after another break down to the plate. He took a knee out at one, and walked two others out. Then, swinging ready, he sent a long ball down into the boxes in left field. With the count at two and two, Alex panicked. He rubbed his chin, eyed around with his left, dislodged on the mound, took all the time he needed. And the next pitch whirled past; Lauerri's swinging led to finish the inning! The kid stood there a moment in shocked awe, shaken with disappointment. He couldn't even remember what kind of chapter the old-timer had led him.

For the next two innings, Alex sat down the Tankers easily, and when the game ended, Lauerri strode over to him and put out his hand. Alex took it. "You're all right," said Lauerri. "You're all right in my book." Almost three more words he used years later in the Cincinnati hotel lobby, when he lifted the drinker Alex to his feet . . . but hardly were they spoken in the same tone, nor with the same measure of respect.

Why did Alexander indulge so heartily when his reputation and future in baseball appeared risk and secure? Maybe the after-effects of the blackout he saw in France during

World War I. Then, perhaps, the dis-illusionment following his divorce. Certainly others, for similar reasons, found the urge difficult to control. But then their cases were not so publicized. Well, his consumption increased with the years, as a feeling of being gassed at him. It did not begin that way. But after his active career ended, lonely hours refused to trust him with an executive position.

Alex long pleaded for a secure post in baseball, on the premise that a man who had built up a record of 587 big-league victories over a period of 14 years certainly had a big job coming to him. Few pitchers had ever matched the totals of this coach as he had. Between 1915 and 1917 he had won 94 games. And his 14 seasons in 1915, when he worked for the Phillies, still stands as an all-time record. In those days he cut an immaculate figure on or off the field. Slender, well-dressed, sober, in a few short years that entire reputation seemed to fade.

"Alex, you're a drinker," they would tell him. "Alex, it isn't a good influence for the young players to have a veteran carry a flask in his back pocket." ". . . my own private affair," Alex would sneer at them.

His condition was aggravated as good coaching jobs faded him in baseball. And Alex became a desperate man. One day (a man has been accused 1931) a citizen of Springfield, Ill., found the old-timer lying along-side a sewer. His clothes were dabbly; the clutter of a recognized team. His pockets were penniless. He was in worse condition than the average drunk. He needed a doctor. The "poison" had gone so deep into his system it affected him both physically and mentally.

A small-time newspaper baseball reporter and hotel owner, named Johnny O'Connell, heard of Alex's case; how Alex had earned the tavern in town unrecognized for a month until his few dollars ran out and he grew sick. O'Connell had been an old schoolmate of his, and so brought him into his home to feed and doctor the man back to a semblance of normal health. A few weeks later he asked Alex to manage his newspaper club, and work at the hotel too. Alex took the offer. What the hell, it was a job! While he made a few dollars, he continually beseeched the clubby state of a game that could not offer a more decent position to one of its all-time heroes, drunk or sober.

He lasted a year in Springfield, then shuffled on. The House of David had club in Boston Harbor, Mich., a baseball team representing an old and

ancient crowd, asked Alex to join up. Promoted he was willing to grow a beard. The House of David would draw larger crowds by featuring the Great Bearded Alex in its lineup. He grabbed the offer, and rode into Boston Harbor after another spare a midnight train. The agent had closed his window before this new venture.

Alex grew a short stubble of a beard and held on imperiously with the act. He developed a strange interest in the long and isolated library of the House of David (known also as the Insanity). Alex learned that for many decades the Davids had maintained a reverent rule against shaving the face. (He felt they were at least more sincere in purpose than the big-time baseball clubs.)

Visitors from nearby towns, including Chicago and Detroit, had poured into their wilderness each summer to be entertained by the Davids. Open-air stage shows were put on by bands of actors; ice cream, candy and more food were sold; and the kids were given rides on miniature trains about the grounds. A good standard of baseball supplanted all the whole affair. Just how baseball and sports managed to harmonize, Alex could never understand. Baseball had accounted for the chief revenue of the colony, still, it was a far cry from the era of the Cardinals and Yankees and the days of World Series exploits. Alex came to know "Long John" Tucker pretty well at Boston Harbor. Tucker, a veteran first baseman with a Springfield background, held the manager's post of the House of David team. He refused to drink with Alex, but Alex liked him just the same. Between games, Alex couldn't help but confer his anxieties to Tucker. He still hoped to land a big-league coaching job, after all these years, and now the powers of baseball (Alex reckoned) thought of him as nothing better than a freak.

Tucker said to Alex, "A long time ago they called me a freak too. That goes back more than 10 years. They offered me \$20,000 then to shave my beard and join a big-league outfit. What did I do? I preferred to remain a freak."

"You were a diamond find," Alex told him.

"No, my friend — there are things just as important as big-league offers. You see, down here, we don't know what the word 'freak' means. At least we do not consider ourselves freaks. Certainly we are different — but is there anything drastically wrong in that? We have no independence. My live our own way — just as we please.

(Continued on Page 18)



By CYRUS W. BELL

## BUNYON DERBY

The whole thing started with a bang on March 4, 1926. There were lots of people who thought the stunt was mainly stunts. There were many who didn't give a hoot one way or another. And there were many others who thought it was the main. No telling what type of reaction you would have had the afternoon had you been at Acorn Park in Los Angeles when 173 runners galloped off at the gun crack on a 4,023.24-yard dash to New York City.

This was the start of a race, dirty as it was, that turned out to be the world's greatest experience in shirking. Though it was the longest race ever in all history and though it got a million tons of publicity, the circumstantially justified turned out to be the athletic climax of the century, a disaster with all the circumstances, in an era that gave us Rudolph Valentino, downward passes, the moon coast, the Mark Twain and Clara Bow.

"Thinking Spectacle of Races Is Endless," the ads said. "A 60-Day Show by the Greatest Runners in the World. All Five Wars' Best You a Great. And All Five to the Generosity of that Philanthropic Personality — Cash and Carry Pyle!"

The huge black horses didn't say who Cash and Carry Pyle was — but everybody knew anyway. He was Charles C. Pyle, a little guy with gray hair and a slicked-back mustache, who was what is known in the racket as a promoter's promoter. Even the sun could have taken some lessons from him. This fast-talking, cigar-smoking slick who would like a fast-talking, cigar-smoking slick, exploded a variety of Big Benches all over while on top of the B.T.O. heap and every now and then was wont to claim up a cool million. Or speed it.

Cash and Carry Pyle was the son of a Methodist minister. Before he splashed out in the entrepreneurial racket, he had been a bank broker, a bank agent and a dual colored operator. His first crack at the track was to place where he signed



"Backpacking, Gilson?" Ned thought in a professional football context and arrived at his manager and partner. Pyle converted Gilson into a million-dollar job. Later he lured the famous business Langens and put them on a lucrative bank at the box office with a possible tennis court. This strategy suited Pyle another million better. In general you could say of Pyle that he was a professional for anything and anything where it was least anticipated. The people who thought he was crazy were right — he was as crazy as a 118,000 bill.

Pyle's main ambitious plan, however, was the transition from the Pacific to the Atlantic. First prize was announced at \$25,000, while the two runners-up would get \$10,000 and \$8,000. Although he called it "The Great Cross-Country Marathon Race," it got stuck in the papers with the name, "The Ten Derby."

Naturally it was Pyle's plan to leave his wallet on the Derby. First of all he charged each runner a \$15 entry fee.

"That'll take care of our prize money," he explained. "We'll run through hundreds of towns, cities and villages. Spectators by the thousands will be attracted to these places to see the race pass through. That will mean money for the local merchants and advertising and publicity for the news, especially where the race takes overnight. It will help the sale of everything from mousetraps to grand pianos. Each town will be assured to much by me or we won't run through a town. We'll run through a rival town. You know what that means. Local pride comes high. The smaller the town, the higher the pride and the prize. Then we'll add a million prize money cap. You can't sell the runner without a program. I'll get a hundred stand for the advertising in that."

Since he could not change people to watch a race being run on a public road, Pyle worked out a deal with the U. S. Highway 66 Association which was to pay a fee for the honor of having 66 used from L. A. to Chicago. From the Lake Michigan metropolis, Route 17 to New York would be employed. Pyle also figured to take in more by selling spectators a celebration that went with the Derby, complete with parades, popcorn and chicken-fuck. Another source of income, Pyle figured, would spring from the manufacturers who would supply the shoes, the uniforms, the uniform buttons, the buttons and the ribbons to pay for this privilege.

Reckoning on the possibilities at Louisville and Mexico, Pyle signed every single runner to a contract grant-

ing him exclusive managerial rights. As the final source of profit, Pyle had an electrical box (patented) made to fit a human foot and "guaranteed to cure rash and every prurient malady." All the runners would be using the Magic Foot Box, and Pyle was sure it would be bought by some 100,000 runners in the remarkable and special one-day price of one dollar "if anybody wants to bid added to his socks, collars, buttons and buttons."

For the Derby end of the deal, Pyle set up the following procedure. The towns would run only during the day time for about 48 to 60 miles. Each man was to reach the central point by midnight or he was disqualified. That night HQ would be set up at a town that had come across with a substantial bid to Pyle. At each runner's arrival in, his individual time would be recorded. At the end, therefore, the man with the lowest total time would be declared the winner.

On paper it looked good. Pyle read out a phanton of adding machines to read up his profits. But he had another game coming. The money signs on these computers would burn out from overuse by the time the quaker runners unsprung in way across the country. Pyle should have suspected adversity right off the bat when only 118 runners registered instead of the anticipated thousands-plus.

Anyway, it was a local crowd that

joined the Ames Speedway as the thousands from the four corners of the company took jockeylike positions for the start's pistol.

What a sorry lineup it was. The entries included a Hindu philosopher and a one-armed miler, a sprinkling of crackpots, a number of oddballs and, of course, ripened veterans of the underdog and amateur pedestrian who were not alluring to waiting men than a mile for a Camel.

Listed among the favorites to top prize, nevertheless, were Nicholas Quasimodo, a Hopi Indian who had won the New York-to-Long Beach mar when the year before; Arthur Newton of England, who broke the 100-mile running record in January, 1914; Jan Louwen, an Ecuador who earned in the 1920 Olympics; and Harry Adams, a famous walker from the Bronx. Paradoxically, none of these had-and not experienced even finished in the money. But that's getting ahead of the story.

Smack in the middle of the map was Pyle, his derby, his rags and his possible long-distance. He also had promoted a 12-run palace on wheels — an elongated hand trailer with two bed rooms, a kitchen, flush toilet, bath tub, an office and an observation deck. Pyle, of course, headed the shaggy procession followed by Ned Gilson's do have and do have, a mobile business

(Continued on Page 16)



"This new historical novel must be a hurry! Look — asbestos jackets!"



## THE LOW

By COPELAND WATSON

## ALTITUDE

## ATTITUDE

## OF

## APTITUDES

The dynamite utilized by personnel engineers to explode the hard shell of men's emotions and peer into his innermost brain secrets is referred to (in the very varying tones of informal) as the "aptitude test."

Seemingly endless pages of staggering queries are carefully aimed between the eyes of the jobcandidate, whether his application ambitions are in the potential capacity as executive sales manager. More and more corporations are hiring (or turning down) applicants for positions or promotions on a basis of aptitude ratings. More and more institutions are also delving into the charts presented by these questionnaires and many such charts are of the curvilinear species.

Of the latter institutional use, columnist Matt Wriston of the *Los Angeles Mirror-News* refers to the "new report" on a man who dedicated considerable of his years to San Quentin Prison and said, "If I'm rehabilitated, it's my own doing, not the prison program."

Referring to the questionnaire, the man (now free) said, "It's one of the tests there was a question about a half-filled glass of water. If you answer that it's half full you are what they call a positive thinker and on the road to bigger and better things. If you say that it's half empty, you're negative and need to get hold of yourself before you can progress."

Yes, the inquiring technicians — in all their cold inevitability — trigger a device that's supposed to hint a hole that verbally bares your soul in a barrage of queries. They do so with fancy variation and limitation abundance. And when they're through, there just isn't any beating around the bush about it. The bush is cleared and your family are much berated in all its riveting splendor. No one, but no one, is overlooked in the research quest which probes ingenuitively down the limbs of your father and mother, their fathers and mothers. This means third

degree via the heavy parchment paper is printed on until you're tapped and tapped dry. Blood? That's the aptitude boys' middle name. They drink it all.

In fact, in peering yourself to provide the wanted answers, you find interesting things about yourself you didn't know. An extra alimentary canal or two among discoveries of unique nature. In fact, you're amazed at the information these researchers edge out of you for their desired lines.

Then you're lost in a cloud of memories and sentimental side trips when the sights are trained (in condemnation-like precision) on the little world that surrounds your little world.

What kind of people do you go around with? What kind of people do you like? What kind of people do you dislike? Do you feel that you are superior? Inferior? Equal? Did you feel this way when you were a child? Have you ever felt lonely? Are you popular with members of the opposite sex?

This sort of thing goes on and on for eight or ten pages, with an occasional "straight" question chosen to interrupt the "curvature."

So, while we're at it, let's compose our own interrogation for an aptitude test. All our blood right, even the dry isn't the limit?

When were you born?

Why do you believe you were born?

Would you or would you not, rather try the whole thing all over again?

Have you ever asked yourself? What am I?

Have your parents ever asked? What are you?

Do your parents ever pretend they don't know you?

How long did your grandfather and grandmother (or your mother's side) go together before they were married? Did they visit Alas

Is?

Did your grandfather (or your father's side) ever show unusual fumes colored like colored flower in his sleep? Ever dream he was quiting a Sam Brown in his long underwear? Japan? Come up a river? Come down a river? What's come?

How is the world treating you? Think the world's weather is getting warmer? Colder? What else is come?

Did any of your neighbors at your third address prior to your previous address ever discuss conspiracy troubles with you? Cedar Rapids? Boston? New?

Were they older? Younger? Older? Younger? (R V)

About the same age?

Try for a second.

How did your brothers and sisters treat you?

Did you have any brothers? Any sisters?

What the heck is a number?

They talked you?

What do you think about that those lady knows best?

Did you ever confide in your mother or father regarding troubles? Little girls? Big girls? Borrowing the family car? Playing pool/billi? Whipping parrots?

Did your mother or father ever confide in you regarding troubles? Little girls? Big girls? Borrowing the family car? Playing pool/billi? Whipping parrots?

How do you feel about more than two or three couples riding on one motorcycle at the same time? Single-wheel bicycles?

How do you feel about more than two or three couples dancing on a nightclub dance floor at the same time?

Do you own a cat? Dog? Cat and/or dog? Right?

Does anyone own a cat?

Where did you find?

What?

In ten words or less, explain what you think your wife thinks when you get home late from bowling?

Are you married?

What's come?

If you are not married, when you get home late from the office for dinner does your wife say you should have the elevator operator fix dinner for you?

Where did your nephew get that hat?

How many private railroad cars do you own?

What is your theory regarding Darwin's theory?

Did you serve as skipper on any recent Atlantic crossings aboard a Cunard liner?

Do any surfboarding on a mill pond?

What is the middle name of your daughter's first husband? Is/was/isn't/wasn't be a Notary Public?

Do you assume a negative attitude when your boss tries to love a rain on you?

What is your candid opinion of the mother-in-law situation? Good - not candid.

Do [heartlessly] people interrupt you when you're trying to interrupt them?

Do you interrupt people when they're trying to interrupt you?

Saw the '38 fair in New York?

Saw the '40 fair in San Francisco?

How about the '38 Kansas Country Fair?

Ah - March Cross country, eh?

Was was at the '41 fair in Chicago, wasn't that?

Were you ever presented at Carnegie Hall?

Was the water (think now) friendly - gossamer - moving - kindly - comforting - under-estimating - loud - sweet - efficient - delicious - flabby - insincere - suited to taste?

Think that atomic energy is here to stay?

Think that we are here to stay? Einstein's - limit to our world (must) say the Nautilus word.

How do you feel about artificial?

With your fingertips?

What is a blower word?

Do you honestly think you could write a better crossword puzzle?

Was George Washington a (think one or both) left-handed pitcher/right-handed pitcher?

Entering the Copacabana, is your initial query, "How's the hat?"

What do your sons, daughters, nephews, nieces, aunts, uncles

(Continued on Page 49)



"Mr. that big guy who lives downstairs - still here till I get Lady Godiva?"



The bond that linked Chucho and Elvira, although durable, always seemed unsatisfactory to me, because their only apparent mutual feeling was an intermittent but ever-ready animosity. Not even on food did they agree, for while she was an excellent cook and a gourmet, he was rather a connoisseur of the same potent liquid. I believe I was the only time they had in common. As my village had only the most meager of markets, I went to their town to do most of my shopping, or else to catch the train there for Mexico City. In either case, I had to stop by as he dined by the reproaches of both of them, for they invariably brand about it if I failed to stop.

To get to Chucho's I climbed a trailing, sweet, not far from the market, stepped through a door in a wall between two small shops, and there, astonishingly, came on Chucho's seven cottages gazing at a central wall and themselves. The women who move in from the country are shocked by the modernity of this *financiera*. Instead of kneeling on the slippery stones of a brook, they can stand beside the tank, rub and burn their clothes on a stone slab set in concrete, pour clean water from the tank over them, and — imagined — let the soapy water run out of a hole at one corner of the slab into a trough that carries it away without clouding the clean water. In two hours, their hands and temples going with the speed and inevitability of machinery, they can pile up enough gleaming clothing and scotchwood scented to last the family for days.

When I stepped into the patio that afternoon, I saw one of those pictures that make Mexico lie in the mind like a story book ever ready to be opened: the impractical little cottages with their pots of blossoms all over the porches and hanging from the eaves; beyond them a deep, terraced ravine with red-roofed houses on the far banks; cornfields and caged birds here and there; and Elvira and a man's wife standing by the *lavandaria*. The neighbor was just another black-and-white figure, but Elvira, in a becoming brown dress, had a youthful and also appearance unusual among the lower middle class Mexicans in a woman of her age. I sensed immediately that their discussion contained a high-emotional content.

Elvira seized my hand and held it.

"Is Chucho at home?" I asked.

She nodded, and then nodded again, still

(Continued on Page 10)



## A NEIGHBORHOOD SCANDAL

*Chucho and Elvira Led a Rich, Full Life*

he'd risk it real quick, he'd sit and look, but it hadn't worked out that way. George was tough timber. She wouldn't tell, and killing her was something that had been running around in his head for some time now. Only the lady had a hand. Hence, she was thrown by anything other than natural causes and he wouldn't get as much as a wooden nailed. He'd be out out cold. And George was loaded.

For three years. . . He was strapping the fanny in those quick smokes, waving at his lechered face in the mirror. How much longer would it go on? Three years of taking care of the old lady and her goddamned cat and lying in this damned dump. Why if she fell down the stairs some night or the police hauled down around her ears he wouldn't get a coin.

Then he'd thought up the old deal. Talking, her big Peruvian. Her favorite. Kill Talking. Right out of the blue. Kill her favorite cat and leave right out with it, dead. Why she'd drop dead right on the spot from shock. Heart failure.

Only she hadn't. She was sitting down there right now, rocking away in that goddamned chair, laughing and making, probably thinking how now she'll cut him out of her will completely. He'd have to do something about that.

He slipped the towel down hand on the edge of the tub. He'd go down in the good hall and shop up some beer and maybe think of something.

He came down the stairs slowly. The hall was dark. The curtains at the doorway in the parlor were drawn shut. It was quiet. Too quiet. Where were the cat? A creaking, tangling sensation shivered along his back. It was quiet as a tomb.

And there it lay. The old lady was dead!

He rushed to the curtains. The wooden rings cracked loudly in the silence as he jerked them open.

"George!"

George was still staring in the chair by the big window, but she wasn't rocking anymore. She was sitting very still, her cat around her, curled on the table, the chair, the thick rug, their pillow eyes watching, glaring. And George's bright old eyes, widened, quivering, cold and in her hands George's old Panzersturm pointed straight at George, the hammer thumped back.

"No—George, wait!"

The hammer fell and George's Colt

backed and roared belching smoke and flame and screaming George back against the wall where he stood slowly, slowly in the floor like a big stuffed doll, eyes wide and staring, a spot of redness thickening, spreading on the front of his shirt.

"Murderer!" George's wife.



## BUNION DERBY

(Continued from Page 11)

ing station, a snappy trailer for commuters of the working press and an array of cranks to transport the team, feeding, food and the books.

At the spot of the gun the runner was a terrible pain as they dashed off on the famous 1/4-MILE miles that lay ahead of them. Willie Kishman of Finland, taking an immediate head, showed his head to Charlie Hunt, a 65-year-old man from England, and in the first hour and a half turned up 15 miles. Behind him the contestants strung out ten miles along the ribbon of concrete. But in the day were no runners were out. One by one, yapping for breath, they dropped out so that by the end of the day 71 of the original runners did not see the finish, the initial check point where the team had been checked, the fair grounds prepared and the backers set up under are light and behind their miles.

In spite of all the people only 500 customers phoned down their quarters to walk to Red George, in the center, was thrown for a loss about all he did was call Pyle the greatest sporting impression of all time. One of the runners cracked a little joke after he was introduced, another sang and another gave thirteen minutes. It was a funny show, particularly they were the first to impress.

The next morning it started in the 50-foot-diggers dipped all the new stepping points. There was hardly anybody to see them off. By nightfall, after the 34 miles had been covered to Bloomington, 12 more weary runners took a powder.

And that's the way it went — day after day. The men ran through the Majors Basin, crossed the Colorado River, pushed into Arizona and on through New Mexico, where by the time the 1,000-mile mark had been marked at Santa Rosa, only 28 of the original runners were left.

Newspapers were having a field day, as were the broadcasters, pundits and self-proclaimed humorists. Such names

as "Complacent Preparation," "Flintless Frosting" and "Aching Bag Gammon" bobbed up in print. Pyle was even nicknamed "Gore and Gallows" Pyle.

Florida papers, in the meantime, became suspicious when after seven days of missing the businessmen were still in California. It's just a scheme to get California talked about," they commented and quipped. "Either these runners have their shoes on backwards or they are meeting in circles." Even columnist John Kieran chided the the north-like parrot. "Mr. Pyle announced the runners would arrive at Madison Square Garden on or about May 16. But he neglected to say what year."

Months later as the race dragged increasingly on, the staid New York Times gave into the act with this piece of levity: "Since Polybia makes no mention of the Bunion Derby in his history of early Roman days, it is probable that the race started some time after the Third Punic War and before the signing of the Magna Charta."

All this might have been funny to Pyle except for the fact that he had already sunk nearly \$250,000 into the scheme and the cash register wasn't playing his favorite song. Hardly anybody was buying what Pyle was selling. The runners wouldn't work.

On top of that, other things didn't jell. When the collocated race — already charred by previous desert plunges — and known by mountain snow drifts — his another desert race Almaguero, the local concern that was supposed to lead the steady collection at two dollars each suddenly announced its. Three dollars was their bid. Pyle blew his top, but it didn't do any good. They told him to count some in lump it.

Rather than give in, Pyle humped it. He turned on the freking in small lunch stands along the road — and this, too, backfired. Accurately, stomach cramps, diarrhea and sheer intestinal exhaustion took a severe toll as the runners continued to flake off.

As if that wasn't enough, in Oklahoma City Pyle's trouble began to pile up. One of his former grid partners used to get the \$5,000 guarantee from the Chamber of Commerce. An angry Chandler, several runners were on strike demanding daily prize over and above the final awards to be given in New York. When Pyle turned them down, several upped and quit. This left some 30 men in the race.

During the current's wind through Missouri, more staples found out that

(Continued on Page 41)





*"Promise me something else — I have a Cadillac."*



# PICNIC

The star of this ESCAPADE epic is a talented and very pretty little girl named Virginia De Lee and the story is simple: Virginia goes on a picnic with a lucky ESCAPADER, falls in a creek and spends a warm and lazy afternoon drying out. This scenario has all of the required elements — romance, suspense and a happy ending — except conflict. And who wants conflict with a sweet girl like Virginia? Virginia, in spectacular Technicolor, also appears on the front cover and on Pages 32-35.

We think that ESCAPADE's version of "Picnic" is superior to some aspects of the recent movie version. In the first place, neither of our characters is neurotic. They're just a couple of nice people capable of enjoying their lack of frustrations and the simple things of life, such as a friendly sky and a green landscape, a sip of light wine and a nice meaty sandwich, and lay down in the halcyon air. This is the kind of eating that most of us have in mind when we think of a picnic, and we're in favor of maintaining that concept.

(Continued on Page 24)



A GIRL, A BOY  
AND A BASKET . . . .





There are plenty of activities these hectic days more suitable for the nervous element in our society than the picnic, which is its routine and insidious. Even now in the postwar world are only a momentary respite, rather than a trigger for a manic-depressive cycle. Without hanging out a psychiatrist's shingle, may we recommend that the next time you feel the groggies coming on, just call up a pretty girl, pick a lunch-basket and head for the open spaces. Good for whom, too.

*Out of wet clothes, into a dry  
wine—and all ends well.*



Edith's expression grew thoughtful, and as Marriey joined the group she drew her sister away, murmuring an apology and leaving the two men together.

"Pierre seems to be doing fine, M. Leclerc," said Marriey, clapping the armrest on the shoulder. "He's certainly going over big with my wife. What's she up to now, I wonder?" He pointed with his finger to his giggling spouse, who was passing through a door held open for her by the robot. As the men watched, Pierre bowed himself out after Mrs. Marriey and closed the door.

"Maybe she wants to see how he makes up a bed," Marriey murmured, turning back to his companion. "I see you're been talking to the Green girls. Funny thing about them, their father, old J. P. Green, died two years ago and left them a load of money, on the condition, mind you, that neither of them got married for ten years. It's been pretty tough on the girls. I don't say that they don't have a fling now and then, but it makes them nervous. Always the chance of a slip, you know." He leered suggestively and dug the other in the ribs.

"Go *peux-tu* domestiquer," murmured M. Leclerc sympathetically. "A house of a father, *hein*? Why did he do it?"

"Darned if I can tell you. I'll bet it won't last, though. Edith's a pretty lively bit of stuff, and Lucy always does whatever Edith does. It wouldn't surprise me a bit if —" he broke off suddenly as a dinner bell rang through the house, followed by the sound of running feet. The door flew open and a dithered Mrs. Marriey burst wheezing into the room.

"Oh, these *foolish*!" she gasped. "You can't mess even these robots!"

Over the rising sounds Mrs. Marriey's voice issued like a storm as the bewilderment of Pierre's inquiry.

"I just took him into my bedroom — just for a joke — and all I said was Pierre, we're alone together in a bedroom — I was just kidding — and then that — that thing," she pointed a trembling finger at the robot, who stood by with a puzzled expression on his face, "tried to attack me! I just barely escaped in time. And if you think, Ed. Marriey," she turned on her husband, "that you're going to manufacture things like that, you're very much mistaken!" Collapsing into a chair, Mrs. Marriey put on a somewhat unconcerning demonstration of hysteria.

Marriey, half angry and half miffed

at the thought of vanishing profits, turned to M. Leclerc, who stood gazing wally at his handmaiden.

"What the hell's the idea, Leclerc? You said he'd behave, and here he's trying to make my wife. Did something break down, or what?"

"One moment," M. Leclerc held up a hand for silence. "A robot, as you know, M. Marriey, cannot imitate a course of action unless he has received the proper stimulus. I think that what has happened is clear enough. Pierre, tell us how it is that you have life-impulse on your face."

"Certainly, monsieur." The robot bowed. "Miss Marriey, as she has said, took me into a bedroom and told me that we were alone there. But she has not told you that she then said 'kiss me.' I did so, and that is why there is rouge on my lips."

"And then?"

"When I kissed her, she responded with enthusiasm. I then began to follow the standard course of action under the circumstances, but Miss Marriey screamed and ran from the room. I do not understand, monsieur."

"I only did it for a joke," Mrs. Marriey smiled.

"Pretty lousy joke," grumbled her husband. "I'm sorry, M. Leclerc," he went on, "but I can't buy a robot if there's any chance of this sort of thing. Why, we'd be getting mad all over the country."

M. Leclerc nodded apologetically. "I can see that, at least for the American market, serious changes must be made. A pity, but works of art are frequently misunderstood by the public. At home, I must construct another model. Do not vex yourself, Pierre; you are not to blame. I should have known something of this sort. Wipe the rouge from your face, and let us go. But as for you, monsieur," he turned upon the smiling Mrs. Marriey, "perish me to advise you. Do not play the coquette, even with a robot, unless you are willing to allow even to take their natural course. Adieu, monsieur et madame."

In the street outside, M. Leclerc had opened a cranking cab and was about to hail it when he was halted by the click of high heels on the pavement behind him and the sound of his name called in a woman's voice. He turned to see Edith and Lucy Green leaning down on him, their eyes bright with purpose.

"M. Leclerc," Edith came directly to the point. "we mean to buy Pierre."

"You, *mademoiselle*? But you are not manufacturers, are you?" M. Leclerc was faintly puzzled.

"No, but, M. Leclerc, you're going to

make another robot, aren't you?"

"That is true."

"Do you mind, Pierre, while you're making the new one?"

"No, but —"

"We'll pay you when it cost you to build Pierre, plus a twenty-five per cent profit. Also, we'll finance the building of your new robot. Is that satisfactory?"

"That one, *mademoiselle*, is a generous offer, but —"

"Do you accept the offer?" Edith insisted.

"Certainly not, but —"

"Good," Edith exchanged a triumphant glance with her sister. "Come along to our apartment, M. Leclerc, and we'll give you a payment on account. Our attorney can draw up the paper in the morning."

"I shall be much obliged, *mademoiselle*, but permit me to ask why do you wish to own Pierre?"

"Well," said Edith, a little hesitantly, "we think he'd be a wonderful helper."

M. Leclerc, sitting in the Green's apartment, smiled doubtfully as he sipped his vermouth. It would be no great problem, he reflected, to work out the necessary changes in his next robot. Pierre really had performed very well, except for the unfortunate contretemps with that mill-grease, Miss Marriey. A little matter of coating certain circuits and re-designing a few others, the expense of construction actually would be one-tenth less than with Pierre. M. Leclerc complacently touched the shell of crisp water which Edith Green had pressed upon him as a gesture of good faith. He had protested faintly — and stolen the money.

"What can they be doing?" M. Leclerc wondered idly. Pierre's new owners, after making M. Leclerc comfortable, had taken their acquisition on a tour of the apartment — "just to show him what his duties will be." That had been usually a half hour before, and still they did not return.

"I mean that nothing unfortunate has occurred," thought M. Leclerc with a touch of concern. Rising to his feet, he stepped into the hall and listened. When were those sounds coming from the room at the end of the hall — sounds not possibly furtive, yet subdued? M. Leclerc moved forward, his hand gripped the door-knob and he swung open the door at the dimly lighted room. A quiet glance within, and Mr. Leclerc wonderfully closed the door, congratulating himself on not having been noticed. Returning to his chair, he picked up his vermouth glass and gave vent to a sigh of pure ease.

"Oh, lucky Pierre!"



## BEN POLLACK:



A recent gathering of former Pollack bandmen at Ben's former hang-out room included *Shyde* (Vaggy) La Mare, Ben, Les Humble, Ray Baudino, John (Matty) Malachuk, Jack Trapanier, Charlie Spauld, Gil Rodin, Sonny Davis and Alvin Baker. "He talked drums," Ben reported.

by JOE KNEFLER



Benny Goodman as *Explosive Felix* conducts the *Swing* for the great Pollack band of 1935. On the stand with Ben are *Red Johnson*, *Pia Braxton*, *Ray Chandler*, *Bill Morgan*, *Benny Goodman*, *Alto Miller*, *Jimmy McFarland*, *Larry Meyers*, *Baby Weinstein*, *Ed Rodin* and *Eddie Bergman*.

# FROM NEW ORLEANS TO BOP

In a glass case at the door of Ben Pollack's Sunset Strip headquarters during the days before World War I hangs a small square drum labeled "The Thing." It is the drum which, in three decades of jazz history, laid down the beat at one time or another for virtually every creative artist in the business. Before Ben became a symphonist he was a bandleader who was called "Boss" by such notables of the jazz world as Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Paul Livingston, Jimmy McFarland, Bud Freeman, Mervyn Markey, Nappy Ladd, Eddie Miller, Ray Bland, Ed Rodin, Charlie Spivak, Harry Goodman, Jack and Charlie Teagarden, Harry James, Freddie Stark, Muggsy Spauld, Clyde Lucas, Fats Domino and a host of others of varying prominence.

The story of Ben's life is, in fact, the story of jazz from its development in the days before World War I up to the present time. It is the story of jazz music, of rough-and-ready draw bums, of Prohibition and the gangster era, of glitzy haunts of glittering nightclubs, of dance-hall ballrooms, of recording sessions featuring saxophones and mechanical pickups, of jazz sessions with the great colored men of New Orleans who came swinging into Chicago, of financial ups and downs and losses over girl vocalists and frolics with agents. It is the story of characters and drama and traditions encountered along the patchy jazz trail. And it is also the story of the early days of radio and sound movies and, at last, television.

Although the jazz-loving public is perhaps more familiar with other names than that of Ben Pollack, it is Ben who more than any other observes the title of "Mr. Jazz."

The story begins back in 1890, in Chicago, where Ben was born into the family of a Jewish farmer who resided in

a neighborhood populated by Polish, Italian and Jewish immigrants and known as "The Slacks." There was the dominant but kindly father of Jewish tradition, the sentimental and overly protective mother, and an older brother who was to play a vital role in the development of Ben's career.

It was a rough and tough neighborhood, and Ben went to it like a duck takes to water. Before he weighed a hundred pounds he was the hundred-pound wrestling champion of all of Chicago's morning playgrounds. The title was official (and is still) in the books. He also ran a hot highschool (boxed) club.

There wasn't a lot of money in the Pollack family, but they weren't broke, either. Papa made a reasonably decent living for his brood by manufacturing his friendships for the slick suits then worn by ladies of fashion. But even as a small boy, the fat business loved him to death. He wanted no part of it, then or later.

Ben developed an extremely early interest in jazz music. Older, Ben's older brother, who was known today as a "cat," a disc-jockeyed jazz fan. There were few phonograph records, and fewer jazz records, in those days prior to World War II. There was no radio or television, and jazz had not yet attained the respectability of the vaudeville or musical comedy stage. What movies there were were silent ones.

But jazz, in its purest form, had arrived in Chicago.

It was played in the black-and-white and honky-tonk by Joe (King) Oliver, fresh up from New Orleans, and Louis Armstrong and the other great gentlemen of color around one

(Continued on next page)



The young maestro.

of the many diverse branches by the government's chain-up campaigns.

It was also being played by a few white musicians, the happy program of the time, in such groups as the original New Orleans Rhythm Kings, which was working as the Peary's Inn. This group was composed of George Brown, Leon Raggs, Ernest Hardy, Paul Moore, Mel Street and Ted ("Red") Brown, and was reputed to be the finest aggregation of jazzmen ever banded together. Hardy, who died at twenty-two, was considered to be the greatest trumpet man of the white race around. Most consciousness of the era rated the faded tin-button-back a pale copy of the daring Hardy.

Oliver, famous for digging the modern sounds of 1917, made the rounds of the jazz spots nightly. That was the only way to hear the music. In Papa's rocking swivel car, he drove through the noisy streets to the black-and-white and honey-banks, and with him on many of these nights was the Hyman-old Ben. Ben was now young to gain admission to the halls and saloons where jazz was played, but Olive would respectfully park the family car near an open window. On countless nights, Ben crouched under the lap robe, filling his ears and mind and soul with the blues and the best of the Louisiana bayous and watching the pimps and prostitutes playing their tricks on the sidewalk.

Young though he was, Ben dug this kind of music and adopted it as his own.

"You really feel things at 14," Ben says. "Moody, you can't sit on what you feel. But you feel things then as strongly as you ever will."

The year Ben was 14 was a great year. Mama was opposed to his interest in music, so she had a neighbor who was a musician and she let him to be a magnet. Music, she finally believed, was his religion. She didn't want it to happen to her son. Ben Ben scored drums, and Papa and Olive backed him up.

Ben was in heaven. His rock drum lessons and passionately learned to read drum music. To this day, that's the only part of a score he can read.

While Ben was still in his Whitney Grammar School, he organized his first band. With schoolmates who played piano, trumpet and violin, they took turns rehearsing at each other's homes, driving their conservative families into screaming fits. The outfit was called, simply but fittingly, Ben's Jazz Band, and Olive, by this time a part-time commercial artist, designed

advertising decals which Ben and the boys pinned up on convenient fences and blank walls around the neighborhood. They played for a good number of neighborhood social affairs, ranging from wakes to weddings, and got paid for it. Mama was mortified.

In those days, long trips by auto were unusual and those wonderful signifiers, the fireworks, had a custom of getting a lot of the members together for trips into the country over rough and rocky roads. For five dollars a head, the Elvans hired Ben's jazz band to make the trips with them, spraying blue notes into the ears of startled wives and mothers — and fathers — along the way. Those junkies usually started about 11 in the morning and wound up around midnight, and few concerns of abuse from the band were suffered. Ben, playing drums, wore up pretty well, but the trumpet man's lips generally were swollen out of all resemblance to an instrument by the time the band got home.

The entrance of the United States into the First World War caught Ben in high school. A makeshift government, working to feed the home front, advised the younger students that high school grade books if they would join up with the "arm front" movement, which shifted thousands of boys and girls from the asphalt jungles back to the soil, spurred equally by patriotism and a desire for clamor. Ben joined up and found himself on a beef farm in Michigan, where he had sugar beets for two dreary months, for which he was paid at the rate of two cents a mile.

"Now we've a golden sugar beet on the ground!" Ben said. "That's a wonderful golden plant. I saw a couple of million of them. I couldn't count the sight of them. So I quit the farm front. And where, too?"

The former hand-pumped wringing champ of Chicago's playgrounds again came back to the city which spawned him, loaded with a registered love of jazz and a permanent hatred of sugar beets and farms. For a while, he laid around home, avoiding involvement in the family far business, and listening to the unbridled sounds of New Orleans jazz. Then he heard his first big band, a band which played arrangements and read from a music score. This was Elton and His Broadway Badmen Orchestra, which featured, among other things, the music of a pipe organ.

"Crasy," he comments. But he got, at 15, that the day would come when

the blues and stomps of New Orleans jazz would be caught in musical scores, and he desired a dream which eventually admitted to the reality of arranged jazz.

Despite his mother's doubts, Ben knew ardently to the enhancement of his musical career. He made a start by joining a soft union which at that time was challenging the hold of the A. F. of M. on the hornblowers and trump strainers. The unit made was composed of fellow who, like himself, did not have to play to eat. They were students and workers with part-time jobs, as they lived at home and paid no board, like Ben. They could afford to work on the high men, and they did.

Ben, a short and rather stocky youth, was beginning to take on the dark good looks and maturity of manner which was to make him a natural head honcho man. He headed up the pick-up groups on most of the gigs he played during this period, and his dreams were gaining authority.

"We were everywhere by streamer in those days," Ben recalls. "I got a job-working days at a blueprint office and played six, sometimes seven, nights a week. I'd rush home from work — on a streamer, of course — grab a bite to eat, get into my suit, gather up my drums, run the number streamer, make two or three transfers, lugging all those drums, and get to the place we were playing. I'd play the job until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, gather up my drums, run for another streamer, make one or three transfers, get home about 4 in the morning, get a couple of hours sleep and take another streamer to my day job. Only good thing about the day job was that I didn't have to lug those drums."

This routine obviously couldn't be maintained forever, and when the day job or the nightly gig had to go, Ben's some mild hysteria from Mama, Ben quit the blueprint office and devoted himself to music.

Finally, he got a steady job at the Belle Plais danceteria, in a band headed by Dick Schneiderberg. In the summer months, they played at the city's Navy Pier where, on Sunday nights, the management insisted that the band be supported from ten to eleven places.

"This naturally raised hell with our arrangements," Ben says, "so we hired guys to sit there and make like they were playing but really not making a sound. Two of the chicks we hired were Genev and Jimmy Perillo. Neither was much good as a musician.

(Continued on Page 38)





*"Please, Mr. Lapine—I won't be 21 until tomorrow!"*

By VIOLET M. COBB



*"...I'm doin' what I got to do..."*

# ZINDY

She moved carefully about, humming below her breath, straightening a throw-rug, plumping up a cushion, keeping a wary eye on the sleeping sailor. Her glance fell on a straggly sweet-potato plant growing in a mayonnaise jar, its leaves wilted and slightly yellowed. She bent down examining it closely, then lifted the jar and held it up to the light.

"Well, no wonder!" she said indignantly, fishing out a cigarette-burn floating in the water. She refilled the jar with fresh water and set it back on the table, touching the leaves with gentle fingers. "Too green—I" she said severely.

She tiptoed into the kitchen and set the milk-maid on to boil. She was stooping for the frying-pan when a sleepy voice behind her said, "What's cookin', baby?"

Zindy rose to her feet and looked him up and down, smiling.

"Well, if you ain't a fine advertisement for the navy! Go on! Wash

(Continued on Page 50)



JUNE SONG





*"Let's face it, Reginald—these cars just aren't built for the  
American way of life!"*



*"Aren't you a bit old to be saying, 'The night is young'?"*



*"I'm the old fashioned type, but occasionally I prefer a martini!"*

A grassy meadow on a bright Summer day. That's for us. And it's also for petite Betty Blue, a belle if we ever rang one. On the particularly lovely day that Russ Myers, the photographer, found her, Betty had taken a *pondoir* from her *boudoir* without bothering to change and was enjoying the sunshine which also, we are certain, was enjoying her. The results of this mutual-admiration scene were captured on film by the artistically enterprising Mr. Myers, fortunately for ESCAPADE and ESCAPADERS. And herewith we present vivid pictorial justification of the esteem in which Blue Belles have always been held by nature-loving poets.



## *Blue Belle*



BETTY ISN'T UNHAPPY — THAT'S JUST HER NAME.





## SALINGER REVISITED



By J. W. HOWERS

I went in the library just to kind of goof around and kill some time. I do that quite often; goof around, I mean. To be perfectly honest, I kill a lot of time, too. What I mean to say is, I am going to be honest with you; I can't stand a lousy theory or a liar — they make me go all pukey inside. I like quite a bit myself but only because lies, like giving sweet old ladies the wrong directions and that kind of stuff. If there's anything I hate, it's even old ladies — they make me want to puke. I guess it's because I'm maladjusted — at least that's what my psychiatrist tells me.

Anyway, Old Jane was behind the desk. If you wanna know the truth, Old Jane really isn't old, she's really kind of young. About my age in fact — thirtysix, to be exact. You wouldn't believe I was thirty-five or look at me, because sometimes I act like I'm about eighty and then, again, I act like I'm about three. People don't understand, though — damn people never understand. Another thing, I'm completely bald, and it makes me look worse at half, boy. To be perfectly frank I'm a helluva man with the women, one helluva man, boy. I mean if you don't believe me read my novel, that is if the thing is ever published.

I've got a crush on Old Jane. Old Jane has short eyes and those big hairy looking back teeth. She also has this long curly hair on her legs which drives me crazy. I mean that hair on her legs just kills me, boy. Old Jane's pretty ugly when you come right down to it but she's got a helluva lot of sex appeal.

I was standing up there by this lousy old desk, kind of staring at Old Jane and trying like hell to think of something sophisticated to say. All of a sudden I started to get nervous and I headed this crumbly book of matches out of my pocket and began burning the hair on my wrist. Boy, it hurt like hell, but it's a lousy habit I have when I get nervous. You should see the scars on my wrists. Old Jane looked kind of interested in what I was doing but she didn't say anything.

Then Old Mrs. Granter, the head librarian, came crawling out of her little old cubby office. Mrs. Granter is really old — she must be about a hundred and she's a god damn sweet old lady if ever I saw one, and I've seen plenty. Boy, I already told you about how sweet old ladies make me want to puke or something and I would have liked

Old Mrs. Granter one except I'm such a lousy coward, it's not that I'm a coward really, it's just that I can't stand the sight of my own blood. I mean if I didn't have so much of that blood of mine all over the place I wouldn't mind. Old Mrs. Granter had given me a pretty bad beating only last week for making this very sarcastic comment about Henry James. (I can be pretty damn sarcastic when I get going. I got a helluva sense of humor, too). That Mrs. Granter wanted me over, believe me. I'm not the type that holds a grudge, though — that waddy old bat.

Anyway, Old Mrs. Granter kind of peered over at me and then she asked Old Jane, "What is that stinking around the desk there?"

Old Jane said, "It's only that damn idiot, Howers, again."

Old Jane is a real tight, believe me.

Mrs. Granter nodded her head a few thousand times, took her hairy webbs out of her mouth and put them in her pocket, and then straggled away toward the rear of some place. I can't stand old ladies who keep their crumbly false teeth in their pocket. I mean, the first they could do is keep them in their pants or something. That kind of stuff depresses the hell out of me.

Finally my number ran out and I said to Old Jane, "Listen, you know what I think of Old J. D. Salinger. I mean I but I read that 'Catchers in The Rye' about a hundred times. I think Old J. D. is the greatest. Ya got anything else like that kicking around?"

Old Jane closed her eyes a moment, all except the middle one that is, she leaves the middle one is the one that kills me, boy, that middle eye of hers drives me mad — it's such a cool goddamn pink color. Boy, if I'd had one more match I probably would have burned the whole crumbly library. I was really feeling nervous, believe me. Then Old Jane opened her other two eyes and said in this very clipped, professional voice, "Well, now, let me see. There must be plenty of the things. Everybody and his brother is influenced by Salinger nowadays. There's 'Innocence' by Steve Fitter, and 'Sinner Spring' by C. C. Lombard, and 'Why I Am As I Am' by Nelson Miller. Those are all I can think of at the moment."

"Thanks a helluva lot," I said, giving her one of my friendly little winks. Sure as hell, boy, that's me.

(Continued on next page)

## SALINGER REVISITED

(Continued from Page 38)

So I did the old, back and, wing down to the middle shelves and pulled those three novels Old Jane had mentioned. Mrs. Granter passed me and I made like a machine gun — you know Jimmy Cagney kind of stuff when the old fireman are closing in. I'm practically insane sometimes; I really got around a helluva lot. Mrs. Granter gave me a very large cuff on the head and I ran like hell back to the reading room. I could probably take her all right but to tell you the truth I wasn't in the mood. You have to be in the mood to start battling even old ladies around.

The reading room was practically deserted except for this young R. G. T. C. guy who was cleaning a couple of rifles. This guy had grease and all kinds of junk smeared all over the place. Anything I can't stand it's mine; good cleaning his rifle in the reading room at the library, I mean, you'd think a guy would have better sense, it's no goddam trade and all.

"Christies," I said, "Whip" to clean those things complete clean."

"Whatcha gonna read?" this god-awful, lying-down-a-most-terrible-bitch. Repulsive as he was I had to hand it to him; the hell rifle held down a beautiful bitch. Reminded me kind of of Nancy but I'm not going into all that now; it would embarrass the hell out of her.

"Hello to your peepers, kiddie," I said, nervous as all hell. I was suddenly in very bad luck with all this nonsense. I pushed a couple of groovy rags aside and sprawled in a chair. This god-awful down another terrific bitch but I ignored the hell out of him. I can really be pretty sharp without even half trying.

Well, I read those three novels in about twenty-two minutes flat. I'm not bragging or anything but I'm a helluva fast reader. I got loose marks as school but I can read the pants off any jerk who's out East Grange. I really can; I mean it.

Boy, I was really depressed after I read those three novels. All of them with a screw-up young hero, and whenever anything happens he wants to make or something. All of a sudden I had this terrible urge to call up Old J. D. Salinger and ask him how he felt about all these guys rewriting "A Catcher in The Rye" with a different plot and names. I probably would have done it too if I knew old J. D.'s number. Old J. D. probably doesn't give a damn, though. I mean, why the hell should he? It's probably very thin

trying to find what other writers are being influenced by your work. Old J. D. is one helluva writer, believe me. I wouldn't mind giving him a bang on the phone just to shake the brain.

Anyway, the thing that really depressed me was that I had been influenced by old J. D. myself. I mean, you take me and those other fellows jugging along in old J. D.'s footsteps, and it's really a very depressing thought. What I'm getting at is that a real writer should at least try to be original. After all old J. D. was and I bet he feels pretty good about that. I'm not talking about plagiarism or anything like that but everyone knows there is a Hemingway school and, well, now there is a Salinger school.

The thing I'd much rather be the master, not a damn disciple. All of a sudden I got this gorgeous steno-graphic urge to go home and learn my novel. I probably would have, too, only I was out of matches, which is another way of saying I didn't have the guts. It made me feel very coming not to have done something really original. My novel is about a twelve-year-old boy, who is all loaded up, bare phantasies and all that stuff. This kid sometimes acts like he's about six months old. People don't understand, though, those people never do. This kid was away in Tahiti but he finds the people are just in phony in Tahiti as any place else. I'm not going into the whole literary plot because some publisher is sure to note the damn thing. The title is "A Short Story In Tahiti." Keep your eye on the pocket book racks if you're interested at all.

Boy, I was feeling mean as hell when I left the library. I gave Old Mrs. Granter a good look in the shops and even did overbooks out the door. Sometimes I'm real mad, man, believe me. I home around as a real hot.

Out on the street I got this idea that I might give old Steve Fisher and Nolan Miller and G. C. Lundford a bang on the phone. I had this gorgeous urge to find out if they felt as jerky as I did about picking Old J. D.'s books. I mean I really would've called them if I had had my money. I really would. I guess I could have borrowed the money for the calls, but nobody would have understood. You know how people are about money. Nobody ever understands. Damn people.

## ALEX

(Continued from Page 18)

We do not mix in competitive waters, and therefore we are not capable of hurting our neighbors. If this makes no sense, then we are proud and happy to have this title."

Alex nodded vaguely. He said, "You're a good guy, Long John, but I sure wish you'd join me in a drink now and then."

Before Alex finally left Benson Henson, he seemed to gain more respect for those branded men than he'd ever had for Branch Rickey, Sam Houston and other such overlords of big-time baseball. "The brandin'," he over-said, "at least means one with talent."

His indignance in the hand bottle grew chronically worse as he got to thinking in late years that if he ever did reform, the baseball houses wouldn't believe it anyway, which only gave him more justification for his greed.

He was kept out year on a bench in the Southwest by another of his rich old admirers, who offered to care for Alex as long as he needed aid.

In the months preceding his death he took on the appearance of a man during ghost, always in need of a drink. His yellow, swollen cheeks hardly could stir up the memories that his great moments had set down in baseball's annals.

The drinks were growing bitter as the end, even more bitter than his lingering years on the rough fringes of baseball.



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## BUNION DERBY

(Continued from Page 33)

Pyle's two-headed chicken was really a one-headed chicken with a second head sprung on. In Illinois a farmer sued Pyle because one of the runners allegedly slaughtered a prize pig and had eaten a run while jogging. Automobiles damaged and injured four horseowners, while one man was disfigured by a motorcycle and another leveled over by a bicycle. Medical aid also had to be called in when dogs and other fauna took the liberty of nipping members of the outnumbered crew. In another city somebody took away Pyle's headless lion on a writ of attachment, and he had a devil of a time getting it back to crash up with his caravan, already in the next state. All along the way, fighting and brawling among the runners, as well as the stall helpers, put cramps in the project. Over and above everything, nobody was buying the Magic Foot Box, not even at reduced rates.

By the time C and C Co. were back Chicago, there were only 30 men left. Trouble-makers though he didn't have, New in Chicago Pyle got stung for a loss of \$60,000 when several sustained crews that had promised the money simply walked on the deal.

Chicago, too, was the point of no return. Pyle had to go through with the Bunton Derby; it was too late to stop now. Two full months had gone by, and nobody needed to tell Pyle that his losses had already dipped past the \$75,000 mark. The field of sprinters had been reduced to 16. But they struggled onward — encouraging their aching extremities through rain and snow, dirt and slush, heat and dirt, mosquitoes and pain. It was a blurring ordeal. So blurring that at 2,500 miles the leader of the pack, Pete Garwood of England, was forced to quit because, ironically, his north hane him.

Finally, on Saturday, May 25, the 55 pairs of hand-footed feet, survivors of the three-month gruel, limped into New York. Some of the runners had bleeding toes, others were almost naked, all of them were burned black from the sun. They looked like emaciated acrobats, anachrons, and/or caricatures. Some jogged on their toes to save their heels and others on their hands to save their toes. One contestant, his feet heavily bandaged, leaned on two friends for support. Another could only move by walking on all fours. It was a pitiful spectacle indeed.

When they reached Madison Square Garden, Pyle kept the men circling around a board track for 30 miles

more. It was his intention to bring out every track he could from the spectators.

"Come on, boys," he urged from the sides. "Show 'em what I brought to New York. Let's make it up, gang!"

Pyle insisted to reporters that his runners were in the pink — "from the ankles up." But a doctor who examined the ankles judged otherwise. He observed that the cross-country grind of 64 days had hurtled at least a decade from each of the final contestants' lives.

Because things hadn't clicked as Cash and Garry had planned, a runner was married that Pyle was flat broke and couldn't pay off the winners. But on June 1, as a lame hand blazed away in a nearby empty Garden, the blizzard dig-wadders were paid by Tex Rickard while movie cameras churned away and flash bulbs popped.

The \$25,000 live prize money was given to 20-year-old Andy Payne, an Indian boy from Will Rogers' hometown of Claremore, Oklahoma. Payne, who was to race a horse daily in school, ran most of the way with a sprained ankle and a pecky case of sinusitis. His total running time was clocked at 875 hours, 4 minutes and 34 seconds. Johnny Soto, a 35-year-old ship-fitter from Passaic, N.J., who ran the seven-months race with just 25 cents to his name, received the \$10,000 sec-

ond prize with a time total of 585 hours, 48 minutes and 13 seconds. Phil Granville of Ontario, Canada, and Mike Joyce, a Cleveland bartender, topped the third and fourth prizes at \$5,000 and \$2,500 respectively. There were also six consolation prizes of a grand each, won by Glenn Finch of Triest, H. W. Kim of Minneapolis, Louis Firth of Albany, Ed Gardner of Seattle, Frank Van Hise of California and John Cronin of Jacksonville.

Perhaps the most incredible thing about the Pacific-Atlantic Scramble-race was that it was repeated the next year — from New York to Los Angeles, however. It started in March 1929, but by the time the marathon had crossed the Hudson River, Pyle was up to his ears in hot water, what with lawsuits plaguing him all the way. When the remaining runners did finally struggle into L.A., it was strictly chaos. Pyle was bankrupt — and nobody got paid.

The next money of the arches bolted up every man and there after that and once he even tried to sign Charles A. Lindbergh to a personal contract. As the Chicago World's Fair he was of a freak show highlight by a man who actually used humans once his own skin. When he died in February 1938, Cash and Garry Pyle was a quiet businessman on the West Coast, selling radio water-tighters.



S. F. F. F.



*"You have wonderful material for a book here, Bridey."*

## GLAMOUR GIRL (Continued from Page 18)

as much as I hated to admit it, this was one time I was in agreement with the authoritarian, renowned philosopher which the latter was discount with such easy abandon.

Nothing is pricier than a happy woman, but a woman who has what the French call *jeu de vivre*, or love of living, is the prettiest and most glamorous thing in the world. A true glamorous girl is a rugged individualist in a society of feminine conformists.

Most women get more pleasure from what they don't do than from what they do do. They are more concerned with what others think of them than what they think of themselves. Their every act or inaction is magnified in their vanity and petty ambitions.

I have known only one woman of whom it can truly be said she possessed *jeu de vivre*. I'll tell you about her.

Tall her what you call, she was a blonde with downy-roped hair when short hair was not the fashion. Her features were straight and regular and finely chiseled, but she was not beautiful, her eyes were large, brown, knowing, unkind, cold. They could be naughty. Her lips were full and round and red, and provided a most provocative smile. She had a body a woman should have, and she dressed so there would be no doubt about it.

In the afternoon when she used to swim she'd come out of the water and her eyes would be glancing with the sun, and her neck, long and soft and scarless, would be leaning and waver in the sun. She'd come out of the surf, alive and aglow, straddling the blanket and combing her hair like a boy and wiping sweat the ocean with a towel and stretching and tip-toeing and laughing at most disconcerting thing for a pretty girl to do, and if you could have been there and seen her and known her and talked with her, you would have said that she was much woman.

She lived in an apartment, there on the ocean with a picture window and a cabinet stocked with gin and vermouth and she used to mix a bunch of martinis in the evening about midnight and sit by the window and watch the colors and slip martini. She'd sit there sometimes late at night, one, and watch the white of the surf and the rollers and the breakers and the beach and the sounds in the moonlight. Once she called me at dawn and said she was watching the sun come up and that the phonograph was playing and the highballs had and would I come over and have it all with her. She was then very and

she could get by with it and that is why you loved her.

She loved to drink and I think there was nothing she enjoyed more than sitting and talking and drinking and getting up and mixing another one.

She used to read a lot, and once I found her sitting up in bed drinking wine and reading Hemingway. I laughed and she caught on and laughed too and held up the wine bottle and cried, "Who?" and said it was the best she could do out of respect for Papa.

In one wall in the front room was a wide portrait of herself and it was the first thing she pointed out to visitors. It used to give everyone, but after a while you got used to it and you saw what she meant when she said it was something beautiful and lived *à vivre*.

She drove a new Buick every year because she could afford it and because she liked the smell of new cars. She was always going some place, usually on the spur of the moment, like the time she drove to Vegas to play the little slot machines, or the time she flew up to San Francisco because she felt like being a cowboy and riding in the Top O' The Mark and watching the lights.

Everyone loved her and no one ever really noticed when she'd come back from those trips in the middle of the night and hang on your door with arms full of perfume . . . one of which invariably "just happened" to contain a bottle of spirits. You know what that would lead to.

But no one ever loved her as much as she loved them. I met her casually and the first time I ever went to her

apartment to pick her up she led me into the front room and looked up and smiled at me for a moment and then suddenly threw her arms around my neck and kissed me.

I must have shaken my automatic, because she backed away and covered her head and laughed and said, "I've wanted to do that since I first saw you." She meant it . . . and I was no great loss in her life. She just had a way of finding something appealing in everyone.

She'd sit in a cocktail lounge and she'd make a heavy and breath-taking business that would hold every eye in the place, and she'd sit there and smile at you and tell you what "pretty people" you were and how nice it was to be with you. It was disconcerting and it was always.

She didn't care too much for most women but she liked men and large men and she always used to say they got an awfully rough deal from women. Unconsciously, I think, she conducted a one-woman campaign to eradicate all the injustices ever perpetrated on mankind by the de-women.

We were talking once about her hands in general and philanthropic business in particular and she blamed the wives for their husbands' wanderings.

"I'll never worry about my husband," she said.

It was understandable but I could not. "What makes you do the the escape?"

"It wouldn't do my husband any good to run around."

"Why not?"

She put her hand on my shoulder and patted my hand. She said, "He wouldn't be able to do anything."

I thought that



### Please Send Me Escapade

☐ 1 year \$3.00    ☐ 3 years \$6.

name \_\_\_\_\_

address \_\_\_\_\_

city and \_\_\_\_\_

state \_\_\_\_\_

holding my hand.

Elvira could never understand my Spanish, and I could not understand much of hers, so we mimed. Now she released me so she could raise her own two hands in a graceful gesture, at the same time rolling her eyes upward and bawling. "Oh!" she pointed toward her house. Then her hands began a pantomime that paled all previous pantomimes. They pointed in various directions, they poured from all manner of liquor-driven her galls, they swayed and swirled like reedflats, they safely suggested all the emotions, while the neighbor nodded confirmation of everything over her shoulder. Finally she pressed a mimic gun to her temple and, I thought, pulled the trigger.

"My God!" I exclaimed. "Chucho dead!"

She pressed her lips together, and then with a movement of her head that might or might not have been affection, resumed her pantomime. I was completely baffled. If Chucho were dead, Elvira, whatever her feeling towards him, would have been in black from head to foot ten minutes after the last breath; there would be an over-luxuriant crowd of relatives and acquaintances; there would be two or three doll-like and buffe polkas. The only way to get at the truth was to see Chucho himself.

"Is he in the house?" I asked.

Her head nodded yes, and then wagged emphatically.

Perhaps, I thought, Chucho had merely been wounded in some momentary of mass hysteria, and was now in bed recuperating. Or perhaps he had shot somebody else and was seeking whatever satisfaction was coming; that would account for the grisly righteous expression that had sometimes crossed Elvira's face. In such situations, in Mexico inevitably mean people, lots of them.

I crossed the porch with its flowers and caged birds and vaccination-colored wile and chairs, walked through the dry kitchen with its charcoal stove and earthen pans and jars hanging on walls above it, and stepped into the large bed-and-living room, which had a brass bed on the left of the door, one inadequate window to the right, several lacquer-made chairs and tables, and a head-high, unbroken row of self-conscious photographs and framed calendar art around the walls. In the center of the room was the last thing

I expected to see: Chucho sitting in a rocking chair, calm and normal.

When my shadow fell across his feet, he leaped to take my hand. "Amigo!" he cried with fluttering enthusiasm. "Good stuff!" I could see now he was half drunk, which made him appear even more normal.

Before I could answer "How," he whirled and grabbed a revolver off the bed. "I'm going to kill myself!" he announced, and stuck the muzzle in his mouth.

So that was what he had been up to!

"Good," I said calmly.

He evidently thought one of us had misunderstood the intent, so he repeated with more fervor. "I am going to kill myself!" resumed the gun down his throat, and made an even more terrifying face.

"Good!" I exclaimed with increased feeling, for this was no other scene

minutely done for money, but a spontaneous demonstration of art for art's sake. "Good! Good!"

Chucho slowly lowered his gun and looked at me reproachfully. "I thought you were my friend," he said.

"I am," I assured him. "And I would rate you very much. But think how much better off I would be! No Chucho to pollute my mind with tales of drinkery, no Chucho always trying to get me drunk, no Chucho always trying to lead me into paths of wickedness!"

Chucho looked out the door, at his gun, and at me.

I went on. "And your wife—Think how much better off she would be! She is still a good-looking woman, and with your union in a doory she could get a husband who is young and strong and handsome, one who wouldn't all the time be giving drink and putting quarrels with her."

Chucho tossed the gun on the bed and sat in his rocker, muttering. "I thought you were my friend."

"May I sit down?" I asked gently.

"Pardon me?" Chucho dashed about the room, getting me a chair, cushions, and a glass of water.

Wondering all the while how I could maneuver that revolver from the bed into a hiding place, I told him the names of my business in town. I expected to finish late and spend the night at the casa de huéspedes with the hibiscus garden in front, and promised to drop by again before going to bed. I looked everywhere except at the gun as a part of my program of getting his mind off it, and was doing very

well until a neighbor walked in.

A wild-eyed palter ran in ahead of him, spawking and flapping, and he struck a pose in the doorway, a scowling, insolent man with a snarl of curly black hair. "Chucho!" he said ominously. "What's the matter, Chucho?"

Chucho's face lit with instant pleasure. He raised his revolver. "I'm going to kill myself!" he exclaimed, and aimed it at his mouth.

"Chucho!" The neighbor reached Chucho in one muscular bound. The grateful children dashed for daylight and freedom. The neighbor grabbed Chucho's gun-arm by the wrist and circled his nose with his other arm. Then he wrestled him. They grunted about the room, opening windows, granting, puffing and moaning, waving that gun in random parabolas. Elvira and her loved ones were posted in front beyond the porch. The second time the gun waved past me, I stepped in and also seized Chucho's gun-arm, holding it well down. On second thought, I noted it so the gun would point at those framed pictures on the walls. Worse was coming has conditioned my mind to a horror of waste, even of an accidentally discharged bullet.

As suddenly as he had entered, the neighbor let go of Chucho, pressed his fist to his temples, and made us.

"Oh," he said, as he disappeared through the doorway. "That Chucho should do such a thing to his friend!"

I looked after him, puzzled. He was no his friend! The Latin mind will it ways be a step ahead of me.

I pantomimed reassurance to Elvira and turned to the panting Chucho. "Give me that gun!" I commanded in English, but shaking of any Spanish for the moment. He made only a token resistance, and I drove the gun on the bed and pushed him into his rocker.

"What a performance!" I said. I decided to show what an Anglo-American can do when he drops his routine. First I reproduced the pantomime of Elvira and her confidence, which pleased Chucho mightily. I mimed, with children, in the manner of the Mexican neighbor, put on a night-sweating mask with myself, swirling past of the guests and women, and made my grand exit. Then I told an imaginary Chucho over my heart and gave his parts over a good thrashing. Chucho seemed slightly dazed, but not at all displeased with himself. I jerked him out of his rocker and led him into the night.

Elvira nodded her approval when (Continued on Page 11)



## liquor's quicker— within mathematical limits

### REVELS BY ROTE

Every bartender knows that liquor actually is quicker, but most don't know why. So, when host told plans go astray, there are floating drinks as to whether the game is really worth the candle. It is! The fruit lies not with the spirit, but with its applications.

Get rid of those time-worn superstitions about tipping! Cast out those heavy legends surrounding the great art of drinking! Fly in the face of those old wives' tales on tipping! If you honestly want to be successful, look no closer!

Firstly, no science. The effects of alcohol are always exactly the same, regardless of the type of liquor. If your client's stomach tells that he has had after three shots of brandy, you can bet she'd have done the same on three shots of tequila. When you wake up with a hangover barking at you in the words of millions of glasses of champagne, you can't at least concede yourself that thirteen glasses of sparkling burgundy would have produced the same effect. In other words, it doesn't make any difference whether you drink, martinis or beer. The alcoholic effects will be the same if the total amount of pure alcohol consumed is the same, and consumption is within the same length of time.

Of course, it is not always easy to compare just how much pure alcohol a given drink has, but it's fairly simple as figures can be approximated for the more popular ones. Straight liquor, taken neat, is no problem. The proof-up is on the bottle, and the alcoholic percentage is exactly one-half the proof. Mixed drinks are more of a problem. The simple rule, like mar-

shals and mathematics, presents nothing more than an easy arithmetical manipulation, using the percentage of alcohol of each type of liquor in the drink, and the volumetric proportions. More complex mixed drinks create just more complex arithmetic.

How does all this relate to victory with your current frame of mind? Well, it's background data you'll need to scientifically repeat the situation.

Science has not been able to find out how much alcohol is in the blood, and the human mind is not yet able to measure the effects of alcohol. Therefore, all you have to do is fit your quarry into the formula, perform the simple algebraic operations, and you'll come out with an answer that will tell you just how much to pour (you try to produce the desired effect. Let's see how it works.

You've both had dinner, here is the theorem, and have required to your waiter. (It's always nice to delay your final play until three or four hours after that dinner.) You are in the kitchen working the loaded bar-bacon, destroying the ice cubes, and carefully applying the scientific method. Here's the formula you use:

$$X = A(B + 10C) / 7000$$

In this formula, "A" equals pounds of bodyweight, "B" equals euphoria level, "C" equals hours of time consumed in drinking, and "X" equals

the ounces of alcohol required to do the job. (If that euphoria level was, say, you, just remember 0 is 000 is sobered, 100 is 200 is anti-histories, 250 is 300 is incoordinately, 300 is 400 is comatose, and over 500 is lethal.) So, let's make our calculations.

X is unknown. That's what you want to find out. A, is she's a really number, is, let us say, 125 pounds. B, because you only want her to lose some of her inhibitions, is a euphoric level of 200. C, make you're impatient, is 2 hours. Then, with substitutions, we get the following equation:

$$\begin{aligned} X &= 125(200 + 20) \\ &= 29000 \\ X &= 29000 / 7000 \\ &= 4.14 \end{aligned}$$

So, rounding off, you know that four ounces of alcohol will do the trick, and since you're pouring loaded bourbon, which is one hundred proof, or fifty percent alcohol, you know that each of those two-ounce shot glasses you're using contains exactly one ounce of pure alcohol. Then, the one you're pouring and three will do the trick.

Although mixed drinks make the calculations more complex, don't give up on that account. You can figure a martini or a Manhattan as easily as a dry martini, depending on how dry you make them. No true alcoholic would serve any other mixed drink, so that should solve the problem.

So, now repeat, the moral is: Now you're you glad you learned algebra in high school?

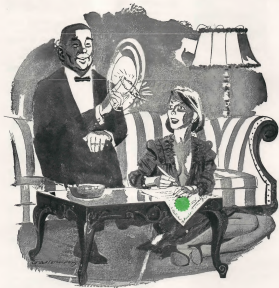




## IT TAKES TWO TO

Is it a problem? Some say, "No doubt of it!"  
 Others, "We've made a problem out of it!"  
 The best informed seem to believe  
 That it was handed down from Eve;  
 And that the lady's low estimate  
 Scrubbed in today's existence.  
 Discussion ayes, coo and pee;  
 By those who claim to have the know.  
 By scholars, studies, profound  
 Who damn well know their way around.  
 So, while they do their ogling,  
 Let hai polloi keep propagating.  
 The average guy, you will agree,  
 Is doing what comes naturally.  
 It is a privilege! Exercise it!  
 Before the egg-heads mechanize it!

By J. HOMER McLIN



*"It's strange having to un it these words, Mr. Brackett!"*





up and then we'll see, Hungry?"

"Jesus, yes. What are we having?"

"Eggs — if I like square 'em come the grocery guy."

"You got money?"

Zindy smiled. "I got enough."

The boy poked her in the front room, picked up an enormous shoe and produced a five-dollar bill.

"Here — I keep one in my shoe for emergency."

"Well, you got some more?" Zindy said, laughing. "Last night I wasn't so sure, but keep it so you know — I don't need it. Go get in that bath now, while I get the water. I won't be long."

She walked slowly down the alleyway, frowning on the floor of her own and wicker ladder, gazing in the reflected glass of the van. She turned in at the small store on the corner.

"Hi there, Mister Roberts —" she said cheerfully to the old man behind the cash-register.

He peered at her over his glasses, smiling.

"I thought it was time you came in, Zindy. I bet you have our paintin' the over last night."

Zindy laughed.

"Yeah — you know me, Mister Roberts. Go 'tween a little less. You know that —"

"Haw! Haw! What are you gettin', Zindy?"

Zindy opened her purse and took out a tin, looking a speculative eye toward the proprietor.

"This yuh bet me have those things on credit all Friday, Mister Roberts? You broken?"

The old man shook his head, smiling.

"Windy! Windy! I bet you been givin' money to those sailors again?"

Zindy laughed. She said softly, "I ain't thirty to beat yuh out of it, Mister Roberts. I ain't never been no one out of nothin' yet. And I can thank yuh."

As she walked back up the alley Zindy observed that the man being washed from a neighbor's kitchen window, the head tilted a little higher. "Gawd!" she said loudly, under her breath. "Swamp all yuh want. I pay my way."

She let herself in at the side door and put the groceries down. From the bathroom came the sounds of violent splashing and a deep but voice raised. "Between now —"

Zindy grinned and tapped at the door.

"The neighbors know you're here."

"Hi!" she said, laughing. "Don't you waste my good soap now, because it is the water —"

The splashing stopped.

"I ain't waste your soap, then. I got me a bar from the laundry-oh."

"Well, watch your skin every at some rat."

She broke four eggs into the pan and added a large slice of lard, plugged in the toaster and opened a can of tomato-juice. The kitchen was fragrant with cooking coffee.

The sailor came into the kitchen, rubbing his damp head with a towel. He was fully dressed except for his shoes, and his hair gleamed with health and good humor.

"Feel like doctors come tell me on me!" he said. "How'd I get here, anyway?"

Zindy poured a glass of tomato-juice and handed it to him.

"Drink that," she said, smiling. "I drag yuh here. You passed me cold, but only after you tried to whip the whole joint single-handed. Don't you remember that?"

The boy grinned carefully.

"I read 'It was really terrible' up the place, wasn't it? I remember some dogface made a pass at you — I remember that."

"Yeah," Zindy said. "I bet he will, too."

"Why, what's it do?"

"Oh, nothing much. You just lose a few hairs over his head, shooed him down a flight of stairs and wrapped him twice around a lamp-post. You I could get yuh some lunch."

The sailor chuckled with laughter.

"I knowed I was of some trouble" he made me feel like a bulldozer run over me."

He sat down at the table and Zindy filled his plate with the ham and eggs.

"I'm over all over," she said, smiling herself very carefully, smiling at his look of concentration. "I always cut-up anyway when I drink. It's worth it — even if I can't think for two days after."

She passed the coffee, her shoulders shaking with silent laughter.

"So I drag you home and throwed you on the couch — but, that's where you was this mornin'!"

The sailor shook his head.

"What'd the old man say?"

Zindy shrugged.

"What they allow say, I reckon."

"Is this any head-quarters?" the boy said, grinning.

Zindy shrugged again, her eyes dancing.

"Sure — always room for the navy."

The sailor lighted a cigarette and

handed one to Zindy. He tilted his chair back, looking at her with contented humor. "When I'm drunk I'm just plain no good. You married, huh?"

"No, and quite willing me later — they ain't nothin' personal in that name with the navy. Call me Zindy — go along home, Zindy — that's all."

"Why ain't you married? Good lookin' down like you —"

Zindy smiled.

"I had my hands so full of business I didn't have no time for no husband. He and me up and died on me when I was eighteen leave me their six kids to worry about. That's all they left me, too," she added, her eyes twinkling. "Six brothers —"

"Jesse!" the sailor said. "Will they be gamin' for me?"

Zindy shook her head.

"No — they's good boys — they bet us he. I bring you up with the Bible in one hand and a baby's stick in the other. I ain't seen which done the most good."

"Jesse!" the boy said again. "How'd you ever manage?"

"We managed — all 'ceptin' that — bet's in the pit."

"Do's a married? What that?"

"Winkin' real bad — Real ain't a bad boy — just wild —" said Zindy gently.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh — they's around. One of 'em's on the navy — one of 'em's a dogface and one of 'em's a rigger."

"A hell —" said the sailor, laughing.

"Yep — says all 'ceptin' — I got 'em back in my family. That's the way. The signs they brought that in he fixed in kind. Real says, 'Well! Well! Well! Funny mornin' you here, brother. Room on bank, please, and I do not wish to be disturbed before noon.' Zindy passed, wiping tears of laughter from his eyes. "Course, you'd best to know 'em both to 'preciate 'em. Real's real good, the married — always settin' up —" the signed. "Real come home that night and cried. He all cried, but it didn't help none. Real got next up."

"Yeah," said the boy. "That's the way it goes."

He stood up, stretching.

"Realin' I better shove off —"

"What's the big rush? Zindy said."

"You bet home alone?"

"Most of the time," said Zindy, sitting and carrying the glass over to the sink. "I got my youngest brother with me, but he ain't best much."

The grinning. "Realin' he got that drinkin' in with the navy. That's the same pass you got around, married. I keep open house for the navy. Figger it don't hurt me none and maybe it keeps 'em out of trouble, like you."



## SUPPLY AND DEMAND

As a traveling buyer for a large department store, he had been on a trip for over three months. Every few weeks, he'd send a telegram to his wife saying, "Don't come home. Still buying."

His wife stood for a treatment as long as she felt any pity should. When the fourth month was nearly over and her husband still had no idea of returning, she decided to take steps. She sent him a telegram.

It read: "Better come home. I'm selling what you're buying."

## A NECDOTES FOR ADULTS

### HUMID EXCUSE

The soldier had just returned from eighteen months in Korea and was assigned to a camp near his hometown. Naturally anxious to see his wife, he managed to talk the commanding officer out of a 2-hour pass. After six hours' absence, he came back to camp.

"You're four hours AWOL," barked the first sergeant.

"Well, you see," said the soldier with a grin, "when I got home I found my wife in the shower, and it took me four hours to dry out my uniform!"



## from the escapade collection



### TIMES CHANGE

"Sarah and I celebrated our 30th wedding anniversary," announced the executive to his partner, "by doing everything we did on our honeymoon. We took the RIT special into Chicago, registered at the same hotel, went to the same restaurant, and to the same theater."

"Quite interesting," agreed his partner, "and I suppose you went back to the hotel after the show?"

"Yes, Charlie," replied the executive as he continued his story. "Then Sarah and I prepared for bed — and, Charlie, this time it was I who went into the bathroom and slept!"

She smiled up at the sailor and he smiled back, flexing his hands about her small waist.

"You sure been dreamin' to me, Babe, I at your shore — I sleep in your bed — I mean I'd a side your shore if I hadn't been so darn' drunk!"

Zindy stretched up and winked him by the nose.

"Well," she said, laughing. "I ain't no late yet!"

Zindy listened to the sounds of his returning footsteps, then in a cagony and mood swinging at himself as the tarnished gilt mirror over the mantel.

"You done it again!" she said reproachfully.

She got out the ironing-board and began to iron a shirt for her brother. Her thoughts raced with the iron, round and round, back and forth, to and fro . . . She set it up on end and stood there, staring at the busy arms.

"It ain't like I was a whore —" she said. "It's the way I'm made." And she began to sing in her cheerful, raucous, Oklahoma drawl.

The door door banged, and a youth doinked in and bang himself into a chair by the ironing-board, his coat, handsome but rather and unassuming. Zindy sat down the iron.

"Well, if you ain't somethin' the cat drag in! Where you been, Harold?"

The boy shrugged, he recovered the wrapper from a stick of gum and shoved it into his mouth and threw the crumpled paper in the direction of the washline.

"I been around —" he said.

"Well, you hadn't ought to stay out nights like that!"

The boy made a gesture of impatience.

"All right, all right! I like my hat same as you, Sis. You wasn't no angel last night, neither. I come home so late a'clock and here was this sorry guy draped over the cat —"

Zindy laughed.

"Well — what else could I do? The poor guy was broke!"

Harold grinned.

"You're 'biled to your face, Sis, same's the rest of us. Golly don't leave me in, now! I sleep with a gal last night, myself!" he added proudly.

"Don't tell me about your woman, sis!" Zindy said, picking up the iron and waving it with her finger. "You just watch your step!"

She winked affectionately upon her brother.

"I keep forgettin' you're growned, Harold — seems only like yesterday I was home!" up your brother and wiggled your nose-me for yuh —"

The boy laughed.

"You say dough, sis?"

"No, I ain't. What I got I need for eatin' on." Zindy frowned. "Don't tell me you spent your paycheck already, Harold!"

Harold shrugged.

"I want to Christ I could get me a better job," he said sulkily.

"You ain't tried," said Zindy. She sighed. "You got to end up like Rayd down on Main if you don't look out."

"Yuh," said Harold shrugging again. "My oleman's brother. Seems like Rayd's gottin' rounder all the time — we're all out, I guess —"

"Don't talk shawnee about the family," said Zindy reproachfully. "Rad'll be home next month and then you watch out —"

"How you know Rad'll be home next month?"

"I got a letter sayin' so."

Zindy went over to the cupboard and took down a chipped cup and filled it with hot coffee. She set it down beside her brother.

"Here — you look like you need it. Rad got six months off her lecherous' himself. The parol-board says he's a credit to the pen." Zindy's smile was warm with love. "I'm right proud of Rad — but they's plenty more if only he'd keep his hands off other folk's wail."

The doorbell jangled. Harold got up and answered it and a youth dressed in a new-made and checked hair-cut, entered.

"Well, herevermore!" Zindy said. "What happened to you?"

The boy said nervously. "Some god-damn girls give me the look-out over on Main. If the cops didn't come I'd 'been beat up good. Lookin' —"

He indicated a long rent in one sleeve.

Zindy's lips were parted.

"The story don't like them kind of clo's and neither do I."

The boy said sulkily. "I didn't mean no harm. I just want to tell Harold somethin'."

"Shut —" said Harold.

The youth looked at Zindy. Zindy said, "I ain't Harold's — I'm innocent!"

The boy said, "I want that!"

An ugly light came into Harold's eyes. He took a step forward.

"You lay off him, sis!"

"You go to hell!" said the boy. "If that's the way yuh feel — you go to hell!"

Harold seized him roughly by the arm.

"Appl it — goddamn it — or I'll beat yuh good!"

Zindy swooped across the room and got between the two boys.

"Don't you dare!" she said, shoving them apart. "You listen to him, Harold. He come to tell you somethin' — now you listen!"



The boy rubbed his arm, looking at Harold.

"What's mysterious 'bout with him?" he said suddenly. "They's got a 'Vegas tonight so' get hitched."

Harold's face whitened and his hands clattered into time.

"It's a problem for — who else you?"

"But only me — the tale say himself said the didn't care nothing 'bout you — the was just harin' a good time."

Zindy cried desperately. "Don't you believe him, Harold. He ain't got no business comin' here tellin' you stuff like that!" She turned fiercely on the youth. "You know — you know right now. You ought to ashamed!"

Harold jerked his head around the door.

"Come on — let's beat it —"

Zindy called after him, "Harold, you watch your step now — you watch your step!"

It was getting dark.

Zindy put her looking away and sat down at the kitchen table to do her work, a slight frown wrinkling her smooth forehead. Harold was giving harder to handle every day, throwing himself from the house more and more, seldom troubling to explain where or why.

"It's a good thing that'll be home soon," she thought.

She finished her work and sat there staring on them, feeling a little depressed.

Someone knocked at the door. "Come and a better — a-better!" The door opened and a merry hat tilted into the kitchen.

Zindy's face brightened. She jumped to her feet with a little spasm of pleasure and ran into the extended arms of a black-haired boy in a striped suit, looking far hands high in the air so as not to smother the polka.

"Abe! Why didn't you phone? Run

come quick!"

The boy kissed her lightly, his dark eyes smiling.

"I should spend my nickel!" he said.

"You stop that!" said Zindy, disengaging herself from his embrace. "Time enough for that, later —"

"You got no money, honey, I got no time!" using the boy in a strongly Jewish intonation, waiting for around the room.

Zindy laughed.

"I might of knowed you'd be broke!"

The tailor pulled out a battered wallet and perked off two round-dollar bills from a large roll.

"It broke my heart!" he said comically, handing them to Zindy.

Zindy looked away, both hands behind her back.

"You don't care me nothing, Abe."

He rubbed his brown eyes, sniffing sniffs, smiling at Zindy.

"She won't take it! It's killing me! Good money and she scorns it!"

He stuffed the money down the front of her dress, smiling at Zindy. "You loved me ten bucks less time I was in. It got me back to love and kept me out of the big. Take it, doll, before I change my mind." He winked. "I should sorry! I was it ten night shooting craps with the ropes. Can I help it that I'm smart?"

Zindy rattled his hair.

"Stop clownin'. Abe. Did you win it, honest?"

"Natch."

"Then I'll take it," said Zindy happily. "But not for nothing! I over done for you, Abe." She smiled. "I got a brother ain't? Live in the navy, so I figger I owe the navy a lot. I ain't never sawed about nothing long's the navy's around."

The boy swung her up off her feet and kissed her again.

"The navy ain't used to women! looks for him, honey, but I think it would like that remark. You been true to the navy and healthy since I was here too?"

Zindy laughed.

"I been true, Abe, and they ain't nothing brother's the navy — you know that?"

The door burst open and Harold hung himself into the room. He was panting and disheveled.

Zindy's mouth opened in astonishment.

"Harold!"

The boy jerked his head in the direction of the father.

"Get him outa here — I gotta talk to you."

"O.K. O.K." said the father. "You don't need to come out — I'm gone!"

Zindy shut the door behind him and

turned and stared her brother.

The boy said jollyly, "I pulled a job — the supper'll be after me —"

Zindy gasped, lifting one hand to her throat.

Harold came closer, swaying a little, clasp whiskey strong on his breath.

"I ain't never had nothing!" he said suddenly. "Was I wanted for it. I ain't never wanted nothing till I met Ben!" His body broke. "He went to 'Vegas with Wink."

Zindy's eyes blazed. She seized her brother's arm.

"None of us ain't never had nothing! Was we wanted for it. And we ain't got to, neither. Gimme that money!"

The boy wept.

"I ain't got it, sis. I knowed a drinkin' an' shootin' crap. Three hundred markers!"

"Three hundred markers!"

Zindy sat down suddenly.

"What you figger on doin', Harold?"

"I'm gonna beat it," the boy said. "I ain't supposed here to get no more dough. You gotta let me have some dough, sis."

"Wait!" Zindy said. "I gotta think." She took a deep breath, staring at her bright red lips. She lifted her eyes to her brother's face. "You tell it," she said, "just like it happened."

"They ain't there!" said the boy. "Ben' ditched me—I got to drinkin'! Now doing I knowed I'd chuck in the window at Rebers' Market and not in—the's all!"

"Rebers'?" said Zindy. Her mouth shook. "That good old man who gives us credit when we're broke? Oh, Harold!"

"Nobody sees me," Harold said wildly. "He was hooked up for the night. You gotta help me, sis. I don't want to go to no pen like Dad—I'll

(Continued on Page 57)







# "PLAY BALL"

Swampy takes pleasure in promoting another hot-foot entry of an established institution by DEKOR, whose offerings in earlier issues ("Catholics for Two", "Gimme That Whopper", etc.) have proved highly effective and artistically refined features. He expects will be happy to learn that DEKOR also has work in progress for future issues.

(sex at bat)

## "PICK-OFF PLAY" (Two Out)



## "A HOT GROUNDNER" (Don't Muff This One)



"PINCH-HITTER"  
(A Steal From Home)



"SECOND BASE"  
(Half-Way Home)



"SEVENTH INNING STRETCH"  
(Still Time To Score Again)



"HOME-RUN"  
(Batted Out Of Turn)

"EXTRA INNINGS"  
("But I Just Batted!")



"RAINED OUT"  
(You Can't Win 'Em All)

die in the pen!"

"Yes," said Zindy sadly. "I reckon so."

She crashed into the arms of her dress and brought out the crumpled bill.

"Here," she said, her eyes such with pain, "you best fix. I'll figure some way."

She got up and went over to the bar and put her hand on his arm.

"You ain't bad, Harold—I know you ain't bad. I'll figure some way—"

The bar's face crumpled. He drew the bill from his pocket and went out.

Zindy stood staring at the floor for a long, long time, then she straightened her thin shoulders and walked into the bathroom and got out her make-up box and began to apply a thick layer of cosmetics to her face. The eyes staring back at her from the mirror were haughty and terror-stricken.

She lifted the slenderest of her lit and took out a half-empty bottle of whisky. She met her own eyes in the dingy mirror.

"You gotta do it," she said fiercely. "You gotta do it to keep Harold outta the pen. You gotta earn that money or put it back 'fore that good old man knowed he's been robbed."

She lifted the Zindy.

"Here's luck, Zindy," she said. "You've gotta need it."

The busy-work was packed with sweating human beings and from its crowded floor came the shuffling of many feet, moving in rhythm. The music blared out into the night, the wild clash of cymbals and two-dee beat of drums stirring the dancers to a frenzy of whirling and yips. There was a great preponderance of sailors in the crowd. The room was dim with their cigarette-smoke, and warm and more intimate with their laughter.

Zindy stood in the shadow of the open door. Each time a group of sailors went in or out she smiled at them, but although they smiled back at her, "Hi, babe—" none of them stopped.

A drunk hunched through the doorway and stood peering at Zindy, grinning noticeably, his red-rimmed eyes vacant.

Zindy pushed him violently away. "You let me be!" she said harshly. "You just let me be!"

A sailor came out, his swift, sternal eyes taking in the cabbies at a glance.

"Shore-off!" he said to the drunk. "If she don't want you around—she don't want you around. Now it!"

The drunk shuffled away and the

sailor stepped up to Zindy, smiling.

"You waitin' for someone?"

Zindy smiled back at him.

"Sure—yes."

The boy extended an arm.

"Come on, then—they got rooms upstairs."

They walked round the building and up the narrow flight of stairs. The sailor threw down a bill and jerked his head towards the corridor. "We want a room for a couple of hours," he said to the clerk.

Zindy followed the sailor down the dingy hallway and waited while he inserted the key in the lock. They went inside and the sailor flipped the switch and the room sprang into light. He stared at Zindy in the mirrorless glare of the naked light bulb.

"Jimm!" he said. "You look like You ain't sick are you?"

Zindy shook her head.

"No," she said. "I ain't sick."

The boy took a bottle from his pocket and uncorked the top.

"Here's my reggie, but it won't kill you."

"No," said Zindy, looking at the flask. "I ain't drinkin' tonight. I got things to do—"

The sailor grinned.

"Jimm!" he said. "You a girl?"

Zindy lifted her arms to her face and wept.

The boy guided her over to the bed and sat her down, pulling up a chair opposite her. He handed her a handkerchief, saying, "It's clean—"

Zindy's head bowed.

"I ain't no whore," she said, look-

ing at him with sad, desperate eyes. "I'm clean! what I got to do, but I ain't no whore."

"I never said you was," the boy said softly. He took out a package of Camels and lit one and held it out to her. "Here—smoke" like a smoke where things is tough."

Zindy dragged up the cigarette, and the boy sat there watching her.

"All right," he said at last. "I'm in—scum—just remember I ain't no im-buckle."

Zindy said her story, the bed trembling beneath her, the tears flowing un-checked down her thin face.

"My brother ain't bad," she sobbed. "He just never had much chance. I done the best I could, but reckon I dipped up somewhere. I figure if I can earn that money and put it back here Mister Roberts opens in the morning I'll be just like him! Never clean in—" Zindy's head bowed. "And maybe I won't be no whore," she said.

The sailor got up and went over to the dresser and picked up the whisky bottle. He came back and handed it to Zindy.

"Drink," he said. "You need it."

Zindy drank.

"That's better," said the boy. "Now you're comin' with me."

He crossed the chair down and stood dead in, keeping his arms on the back. "I ain't no fool," he said. "I know when someone's lyin'. You ain't. I'm givin' to help you."

He took out his wallet and held it



(Continued on Page 60)

was they looked okay, sitting there. They killed the man."

And it was about this time, too, that the Moody Chicago gang began to organize to survive. Pollack's house was still in the ghetto, of which the center was Maxwell and Johnson streets. Gang brawls and shootings were commonplace in the area, and many of them involved Ben's closest schoolmates.

"In that neighborhood, you just separately went into a gang," Ben says. "If it hadn't been for my drums, I no doubt would have, too. But music had too strong a hold on me. I played drums and lived it."

The New Orleans Rhythm Kings by this time had come up in the world. They had made a number of records and were famous throughout the nation, as well as in Chicago. To Ben, the music they made was the greatest—and he'd gladly have played with the band for nothing. But Ralph Siepler was the longtime drummer with the group, and seemed to be doing all right.

"I used to wish he'd drop dead," Ben says, in what appeared to be the only way he'd ever get a chance to sit in with the great big jam.

One night, standing with the crowd of youngsters which always gathered in the doorway of the spot where the Kings were playing, Ben heard Siepler—wiggling out of a jam session scheduled for the following afternoon, a Sunday—when Siepler left George Brumby, to whom he had been talking. Ben went up to the great mezzanine and returned to sit in for Siepler in the session.

"Some guy," Ben grins. "Brumby looked at me like I was nuts. Finally, Brumby says, 'Okay. You can sit in but, goddam it, just hold the bass. Don't try to get fancy, Frankie!' Of course, I protested. The next afternoon, I borrowed my old man's Red touring car and went to the apartment house where Brumby, Rappolo and Jack Petric, the sax player, were staying. They were there, and two colored guys—one of them was Tommy Ladner, a real solid trumpet; and two men, Brumby went into his lecture, telling us what to play, and how, and the we don't jam."

"So here I was at last, playing with all the guys who really was me, and I had to play under wraps. I stood it as long as I could, and then, despite Brumby's warning, I speeded up. I just couldn't help it. And everything I did was right. I looked that band and

broke it up. The guys loved it. "It was a cooperative band. That Sunday, the guys fired Siepler and hired me. Man, I was really on top."

Playing with the Rhythm Kings put Ben, still in his teens, on top of the heap. He was a hero in Chicago. Wherever he went, the rest of the day adulated each other and pointed him out. He was awarded the kind of fan worship that today greets a popular musician. And every night, he set the beat for what has come to be regarded as one of the all-time great jam groups. It was entirely great kids for little Ben Pollack.

While he was with the Kings, they recorded such classics as "Tim Rued Blues," "Bada Bada," "Wolverine," "Mopie Lead Rag" and other titles which have become collector's items of choice tonight.

And it was while he was with the Kings, too, that Ben began experimenting with a whole new bag of instrumental tricks. Until then, all drummers played symbols "open," so that they changed. To achieve the new, true sound that is now built into symbols as a total quality, Ben pinned a silver dollar on a drum key in the palm of his left hand, held it under the symbol and let it rattle. Other drummers took to the sound, and came to imitations.

"My symbol happened to be cracked," Ben says. "So I told them that the crack caused the sound. They all went back to their sets and cracked their symbols. You still no man? A little later, Ben also invented the symbol, or foot symbol now standard with all drum sets. And even then, Ben refused to clutter up his maps with Chinese wood blocks, cowbells and other gimmicks in popular use. "I felt them, and I still feel, that the best and the drum now are all that a drummer should worry about," he says.

Among the "fans" who hung around the Kings at that time were the group later known as the Austin High School Gang. They were still too young to enter most of the spots where the Kings played. Among them were Jimmy McPhurried, Bud Freeman, Frank Teschemacher and Gene Krupa. Benny Goodman, a color of well-to-do parents, wasn't around yet, Ben recalls.

Of the music these youngsters made, which became known as the Chicago style, Ben has a rather poor opinion.

"We never called our music Dixie," he says. "It was always New Orleans,

and Chicago style was just poor New Orleans. It wasn't the music of Baby Doodle, or King Oliver, or Louis Armstrong, or the Rhythm Kings. These kids tried to play real music, but they didn't have the drive and persistence and they couldn't cut it. When they played was Chicago style."

"For instance, we played a strongly accented waltz, but it wasn't a rigid, mechanical waltz, like the Chicago imitation was. We'd play fast, or a even shuffle eight, and accent freely. Play the music, was our idea."

**ADAMANT ABOUT:** In an earlier jam article for *Sanquillo*, written before I'd met Ben Pollack, I commented: "About the first 'modern' jam convention I ever heard was around 1935 in Ocean Park, California, where Benny Pollack was playing a ballroom piled among the other sharp kids in his band were the Dorsey and Benny Goodman and, while my memory may be faulty, my recollection is that their version of 'Chicago' and other names of the time would stand up pretty well today. As spite the taste is the rhythm section." At some point in my conversation with him concerning this piece, I told Ben what I had written. His comment: "Of course, you heard correctly, although your memory's not so good: it was Fresno, California, and the Dorseys weren't with us. But it's true about the jam-bum. That I agree the four is modern; we played that way in the early days in Chicago, too. We played two and four and even eight. New Orleans jam never was a mechanical jam. Chicago was, though, and some Dixie. That's probably because, in copying the styles of Oliver and Armstrong and Doodle and the others from records made in the old mechanical era, the modern ones thought and you can't hear all of the nuances, so everybody thinks of the two as standard. But I played and jammed with their guys and, believe me, those nuances fell right." I have to Mr. Pollack as an authority. I've played that I caught his meaning back in 1935, or thereabouts, and I'm grateful for his fuller explanation of jam rhythm. By the way, Ben is now on the Afro-Cuban kick, and holds longer sessions at his tavern. The Afro-Cuban rhythms, regarded by me and many others as most progressive, are the nearest thing to the New Orleans rhythms of the early 1930's, according to Ben.)

[This is the first part of an article. The second and final installment will appear in the next issue of *Sanquillo*.]

## SWISS STEAK

Toot (and his hungry model) will profit far more of this delicious old bell-ringer's parable.

Check in early at the hotel. Be honest with kitchen staff, while cooking, you can play "Bill Williams Tell" as it best made with the current. It didn't do him any good, but you may win the big red apple for dinner.

1 pound round steak cut 2 inches thick  
salt, pepper, 1½ cups of fat, 1 cup flour  
2 onions, sliced 1 cup chili sauce, plus  
one cup water

Season the meat and, working on a board, pound the meat flat with a meat hammer. Keep at it until all the flour is absorbed.

Heat the fat in a heavy skillet, and fry the onions slowly until they are light brown. Remove the onions, raise the heat, and brown the meat (which may be cut into serving pieces) in the fat. Place the onions on top of the steak. Pour the chili sauce and water around the meat, cover and cook at three hundred fifty degrees for two hours.

This can be done faster on a surface burner, in which case continue a rack under the meat to prevent burning. A couple of round holes will do; low heat is either way. Perfect reproducibility can be reached in the last half hour of cooking time. But actually there is a perfect meal with the simple addition of bottled tomato sauce, or canned chutney in a new cream dressing, and big brown butter of too-odd size.

Magicalness games are the chief attraction in beautiful Switzerland, a thought or leap in mind when you finish the girl up to see your Swiss post-card.

While you are exploring the fascinating upper slopes of the Jungfrau, little sleeping glasses of Kirsch, a potent liquor distilled from cherries, will facilitate the climb.



## COFFEE KIRSCH

- 1 jigger of Kirsch
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 1 jigger cold coffee
- 2 egg whites

Shake well with ice, and strain into glass.

Kirsch makes a wonderful cold coffee drink, also.

## "I'M A LITTLE STIFF FROM BEING"

"I'm a little stiff from being," recurred the newcomer at the sports lodge as he climbed on the stool next to the big blonde.

"Who came about home town when we're thirsty?" piped the B-boy with the G-cup.



in Zindy's lap.

"I'll be gone for a hour or so, but I'll be back. Take care of my dough, will yadd' they got about ten dollars, but I'll have to lose my papers, just you wait here."

He got up and walked to the door, giving Zindy the high-five.

"Hinda you win?" he said and went out.

For an interminable time Zindy sat there smoking, the wallet clamped tight in her hand. She was doing off when at last the sailor returned.

He looked at his watch, blinking in the harsh light.

"One o'clock," he said. "I lost your two hours."

He took off his hat and leaned in squids down on the bed. A large web of crumpled bills fell out.

"There," he said, smiling. "there hundred greenbacks and ten eagles for yourself."

Zindy looked at him and her mouth shook.

The two sat down opposite Zindy and took her hands.

"There's you start to again," he said softly. "You'll make them pretty brown eyes red. I got it downstairs — the joint's jammed tonight — keep with the money."

He took out a much more address book and handed Zindy a pencil.

"Write your name and number down for me, I'd sure like to look you up when I'm in town again." He grinned. "You ain't too pretty right now, but I bet when you go sappin' you're some doll."

Zindy looked at him.

"Now, now," he said softly, "now,

now."

His hand up.

"I got a real wakin' for you down stairs. It ain't safe for a girl to be out on the streets this late."

He bent down towards Zindy and lifted her chin.

"You're as pretty as a picture," he said, smiling at her, "and I knowed the minute I seen you you wasn't no whore."

For five whole minutes after he had gone, Zindy wept.

Zindy waited until the taxi turned the corner, then removed her steps in the direction of Robert's Market. The street was deserted and a flash lay over the sleeping city. The lights were blown up up again, sending out a faint light from the single globe burning dimly within.

Zindy glanced swiftly up and down the street, then ducked around the corner, keeping close to the wall until she reached the open window, she leaned herself up and swung her legs over the sill.

"Someone's gone to Missus Roberts to put a new lock on that window," she said to herself, "he'll be rolled again, sure as eggs is eggs."

She slipped over to the back-spring. Its single drawer was opened and empty save for a handful of silver, just as Harold had left it.

Zindy studied the walls of bills into the several compartments and closed the drawer. The bell tinkled faintly and the aroma of onions and fresh vegetables rose on her nostrils.

She climbed back out, through the window, pulling it carefully down be-

hind her. Only when she had reached her own doorway, did she realize that she was shaking, her hands clumsy with nerves.

She stopped at the corner, drawing a deep breath, closing her eyes. She had won Harold his chance — now it was up to him . . .

From a nearby police a moonlighted gave a low shout, seven notes, and a jaunty march growing near the main one filled the night with its heady fragrance. A dog barked.

"Whee up, Bunter," said Zindy smiling on, "I ain't no bawler."

She let herself into the house and went into the kitchen and put the coffee-pot on. The sun shone brightly, suddenly exclaimed. She opened her purse and took out the two dollar bill and laid it on the table, something out in crumpled folds.

"Now that good old man won't have to wait for his money," Zindy said.

Tears welled up into her eyes and she sat there staring blindly at the screen-door, seeing a cross through the bars . . .

The coffee started to perk, filling the little kitchen with warmth and comfort.

Zindy got up and went into the front room and stood looking at her cracked face in the small mirror over the mantel. She bent down over the over-stuffed plants, reaching to struggle leaves with tender, loving fingers.

"You ain't too pretty right now," Zindy said softly. "but you gonna 'mount to somethin' yet."

dp

## ART FOR WHOSE SAKE?

*Eschschol's* usually articulate caption writer sat around for a couple of days and finally admitted he had been stricken by an inescapable ailment. Every time he looked at the picture of Beverly Hanks on the opposite page, he said, his entire stock of witty quips and colorful adjectives mysteriously vanished from Hanks, and all that came to his mind were animal growls and wolf whistles, none of which he could spell. We find ourselves similarly stricken when we gaze at Beverly, and so we present her without further ado. Any comment on such a picture would be redundant, anyway. Make your own sounds of appreciation.

David D. Taylor  
Archival Collection





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# ANNOUNCING



## ESCAPADE'S CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST FOR COLLEGIANS

The warm and swift reception of ESCAPADE by America's collegians has been highly gratifying to the editors, whose objective from the beginning has been to capture the attention of the nation's young talent. We have learned, during these months, a great deal from the intelligent and far-seeing campus crowd, whose members, through their letters, have given us a twofold insight into ways and means of the nation's youth. We believe that under the guidance of America's colleges and universities have a great deal to say, much of it constructive. To give a voice to these creative young men and women, ESCAPADE announces a Creative Writing Contest in which any college or university student is invited to compete.

For six months, starting with the October, 1965, issue, ESCAPADE will publish the best story or article each month from those submitted. At the end of this period, one of the six stories published will be selected as the grand contest winner.

A prize of \$100 will be paid for each of the six stories published each month, and the grand contest winner will receive, in addition, a grand prize of \$500.

### CONTEST RULES

1. **ELIGIBILITY:** ESCAPADE'S Creative Writing Contest for Collegians is open to any regularly enrolled student in a college or university within the boundaries of the continental United States.
2. **TYPE OF CONTRIBUTION:** Contestants may submit either fiction or articles which conform to ESCAPADE style, editorial policy and standards.
3. **LENGTH OF MANUSCRIPTS:** Manuscripts, regardless of subject matter, must not exceed 2000 words in length.
4. **LIMITATION ON ENTRIES:** Each contest may submit only one manuscript.
5. **PREPARATION OF MANUSCRIPTS:** Each manuscript must be on one sheet of paper, typed on both sides, in the upper left-hand corner, the true name of the contestant, his campus address and student number. No pseudonyms will be accepted. All manuscripts must be typewritten and double-spaced, and only one side of the paper may be used. Wide margins should be left for editing purposes. A typewritten separate cover sheet should be included on the title page.
6. **DEADLINES:** The deadline for entries for the month of October is June 1; for November, July 1; and so on.

The editors of ESCAPADE shall be the sole judges of contest entries, and all entries shall become the property of ESCAPADE. However, no bonus effort will be made to return non-winning manuscripts when a well-addressed and stamped envelope is enclosed for that purpose.

We have great hopes for this Creative Writing Contest for Collegians. We know that college and university students are highly articulate and, despite the stresses of the times, are capable of looking at the world with unique clarity in thought. It's this fresh approach to our ruffled environment that we hope to find when we've been misguided (and we don't think we have): the manuscripts submitted should make exciting reading.

Address all entries to: Collegians Contest Editor, Escapade Magazine, Suite 205-118, 9511 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California.



## IN THIS ISSUE

### ZINDY:

THE STORY OF A LUSTY GIRL

PHOTOGRAPHER'S PRIVATE FILE